

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

DIXON, ILLINOIS SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 8, 1886

NUMBER 729

—Remember the regular Marshalltown train runs to-morrow east and west.

—F. Messler, of the Pacific Coast Wine Company, is again at his post.

—Messrs B. B. Gill and O. L. Hayes, of Galion, Ohio, are visiting with Theron Cumins and family.

—The James shooting affair, at Council Bluffs, was very much exaggerated on its travel from Western Iowa to Dixon. The man was not wounded.

—Sherman and Carson, who were in the tile making business in this place, to a certain extent, have organized a company at Omaha for the manufacture of machines as well as tile and they have bright prospects for the future; we judge from an editorial in the Omaha World. The company was organized after a thorough test of their machine.

—George Dee has returned from a visit through the west. At Waterloo, Iowa, he stopped off a day to look at a very fine steamboat that can be purchased cheap and would be a fine thing to put on our river for pleasure parties. Our people should pool in and purchase it. Such a boat would be a great benefit in many ways especially in attracting pleasure parties from neighboring towns and in advertising our place as a summer resort for people from large cities as well as for the purpose of showing the beauties of our charming river. We should have a steam yacht.

—We drove out yesterday and took a look at some very fine work in plowing now in progress on the Frank Woodford farm. Mr. Woodford is turning under his splendid pasture land, over fifty acres in one field, located on the banks of the river, which has been in blue-grass sod for a score of years. The work is being executed with a Dakota Breaker, manufactured by the Grand Detour Plow company, and it is worth a trip up there to see. The plow cuts a sixteen inch furrow five and a half inches deep and one span of horses draws it through the ground with ease. About three acres per day of that heavy sod is turned over as nicely as any ground was ever plowed.

—The Salvation army has now reinforced that should make the forces very popular. We refer particularly to the Captains, who are young girls, with very sweet faces, that now march in the ranks of these earnest evangelists. While it is the theory of the Salvationists that the devil loves a life of peace and quietness and therefore the very best way to disturb the happiness of his satanic majesty is to bang away on tambourines, drums and banjos and make a deal of noise, still the branch of the army here at Dixon has not generally and is not now following the custom to that extent it is followed in other cities. The Salvationists at Dixon have generally conducted themselves with decorum and in a very quiet manner. The novel rules and regulations to which converts must conform are quite strict, and are such as might be followed by all to advantage. THE TELEGRAPH gives them for the benefit of all:

If any of the orderlies see any person spitting on the floor, or if any talk aloud, or in any way disturb the meeting, the orderly shall speak kindly and lovingly to that person, and ask him to cease; and if the person persist in offending he shall speak to him a second time, and give him to understand that if he continues to offend he will be put out of the barracks.

No one shall be allowed to exhibit a light and trifling spirit in the meetings or in any other place.

No unprofitable talk or loitering allowed in the Salvation meetings, but everybody on their knees, praying to God, or otherwise earnestly engaged in seeking souls.

No one can be a soldier in the Salvation Army and use intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

Any one using tobacco, when converted, is expected to relinquish it at once, for decency's sake and for God's sake, so that he may be free to save others from filthy habits.

Any one who has conformed to the fashions of the world in dress, etc., shall at the time of their conversion, or very soon after, renounce such fashions as beneath women and men professing godliness, and don the uniform as soon as possible.

The practice of young men and women going home together (courting) is found to be detrimental to the work of God and the interest of the army, (the salvation of women and men); it is therefore expected that all who love God and precious souls will abstain from doing so; any one persisting in this course to the injury of the work will be expelled.

CITY COUNCIL MEETS

And audit bills amounting to Three Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

THE HOSE COMPANY ON A STRIKE—NOT FOR MORE PAY NOR LESS HOURS—THEY ARE SIMPLY MAD.

At the city council meeting last night there were present His Honor, Mayor Warner, and aldermen Truman, Julien, Morgan, Camp, Plein, Clark, Laing and Jordan. Quite a delegation of citizens residing on Hennepin street were present with a petition asking the council to grade and make other necessary improvements over there. The street committee was allowed seventy-five dollars with which to satisfy the demands of the clamorous people on Hennepin. The ballots cast at the election on funding bridge bonds were canvassed and resulted as follows: For funding, First Ward 50; Second 56; Third 39; Fourth 42. There was one vote in each of the first three wards and five in the Fourth against funding. A motion to receive bids on funding the Bridge bonds was carried. A new roof on the fire building was ordered. The question of repairing the bank of the river on the north side was brought up but further consideration was deferred until next meeting. Alderman Jordan took exceptions to this and wanted the work to be commenced at once. The mayor thought it would be best to wait until a lower stage of water would make the work more effective and he added that there was no money at present to do the work, and he thought that to wait until next August or September the city could save about one hundred dollars in interest; as the money to do the work now must be borrowed. The bridge committee was empowered to make all necessary repairs on the slough bridge near the old VanArman place. Alderman Morgan placed the probable cost of such a work at about two hundred dollars.

It would appear that auditing business was the great work performed by the City Fathers last night.

Claims against the city amounting to three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-five cents were allowed.

Alderman Camp called attention of the council to dangerous condition of the alley above the stone quarry south of the coopershops and it was ordered the alley be closed by fencing up the same.

Duffey & Maloney were granted privilege of putting in a sewer from their creamery to the river.

The following communications from the two fire companies—Hose and Hook and Ladder—were received and referred: To His Honor, the Mayor, and Gentlemen of the City Council of the city of Dixon—Greeting.

At a regular meeting of the Dixon Hose Company No. 1, held at their hall last Monday evening, it was resolved to present to your honorable body the sentiments of the aforesaid company in regard to the appointment of Fire Marshals in the following form:

WHEREAS, The city council has seen fit to appoint a man to the office of Fire marshal without the consent, and without consulting the wishes of said department, and

WHEREAS, We, as volunteer firemen, believe that it is for the best interest of all concerned in maintaining a first class department, that in order to bring about good results we, as volunteer firemen, should be consulted. We should not be debarred from the former custom of recommending a candidate for said office. We firmly believe that the personal of the fire department constitutes fully one-half of the fire protection, and, as we are paying our own expenses, donating our services, and running the risk of our lives, all for the public good, we ought at least to be accorded the inexpensive privilege of recommending our superior officer. It was for above reasons that it was

Resolved, That we refuse to turn out for a public trial, or inspection, on the 13th as has been requested by the present Fire marshal, and it is further

Resolved, That we wish it distinctly understood that this action was not brought about because of any ill feeling we hold against said present incumbent, but on the contrary it was done because we feel that we have been ignored and denied a right we think we are justly entitled to. And it is further

Resolved, That we are still, as heretofore, perfectly willing to work for the public interest, but we ask to be allowed the same privileges as we were allowed at times when Dixon Hose Company stood second to none in the State.

Respectfully submitted, by order of the Company. GEO. EGAN, Secretary.

To His Honor, the Mayor, and to the Honorable Members of the City Council, of Dixon:

WHEREAS, We have learned that some of the members of the fire department take exception to the appointment of O. B. Anderson as Fire Marshal.

Therefore, Be it Resolved, by the members of Monitor Hook & Ladder Co. No.

1., that we heartily endorse the action of the City Council and thank them for the capable and efficient corps which they gave us in their appointment of the Fire Marshal and his Assistants.

We remain Your Obedient Servants, MONITOR HOOK & LADDER CO. J. Petersberger, Sec'y.

The above communications were referred to the Fire and Water Committee to make satisfactory arrangements for the boys.

—Dr. Stephens has returned from the west.

—Mrs. Theron Cumins who has been visiting in Rockford, is expected home this evening.

—It is proposed to bring up the Hennepin Canal Bill before Congress, on the 20th instant.

—The Chicago papers state that the socialists who have been arrested show great trepidation, indicating that they are, as may be expected, rank cowards. Two more were arrested yesterday with dynamite in their possession.

—Aside from our regular budget of news from all parts of the world the EVENING TELEGRAPH gives to-day about the same amount of miscellaneous reading furnished by the average weekly paper.

—The strikers at Sterling propose to fight it out, not in but outside of the last ditch. That is to say, they will not dig longer in the water-work ditches for the sum of one dollar and thirty-five cents per day.

—The remains of Herbert W. Cropsey arrived here for burial this morning and the funeral took place this afternoon, the Rev. E. C. Sickels officiating. The cause of his death is not known but was supposed to have been heart disease. He had suffered from rheumatic trouble for some time. He was on the cars when taken with a fainting spell and died soon after. A letter from the young man's employes states that they suppose that the cause of death was from inflammation of the brain, caused by trouble with his eyes.

Church Announcement.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

At the Universalist church to-morrow morning at 10:45 Bible reading, subject: "From Crucifix to Pentecost," followed by a sermon upon the same subject. Evening sermon subject: "Doubting Faith." All are cordially invited.

M. E. CHURCH.

Quarterly meeting services will be held to-morrow at the M. E. church. Love feast in the morning at 9:30. Preaching by the pastor at the usual hour of morning service, followed by the communion. Rev. L. Curtis, the Presiding Elder, will preach in the evening.

BUSINESS LOCALS

Julie Rive King.

Seats for the Grand Concert, next Friday evening, will be placed on sale Wednesday morning at Theo. J. Hyde & Co's. The admission will be Fifty cents, no extra charge for reserved seats. The Chicago Tribune speaks of Mme. King as follows:

Her wonderful piano-playing was a revelation to all. There has been but one pianist here that rivals her, and that is Rubinstein, whom, in brilliancy and power she closely resembles. She has all that artist's expression and fire in playing, while in technique her display is fairly dazzling. She came here in a quiet, modest way, without any flourish of trumpets—in fact, almost unheralded; and yet no pianist but Rubinstein himself has made such an unqualified success.

Painting and Papering.

Charles Kelly is prepared to do all sorts of work in the line of papering, painting, paper hanging, etc. 699tf.

Galvanized.

Remember that Chas. Andres makes a specialty of galvanized iron eave troughs, conductors, ice box linings, smoke stacks of all kinds, tin roofing. All work warranted and prices low. 713ml.

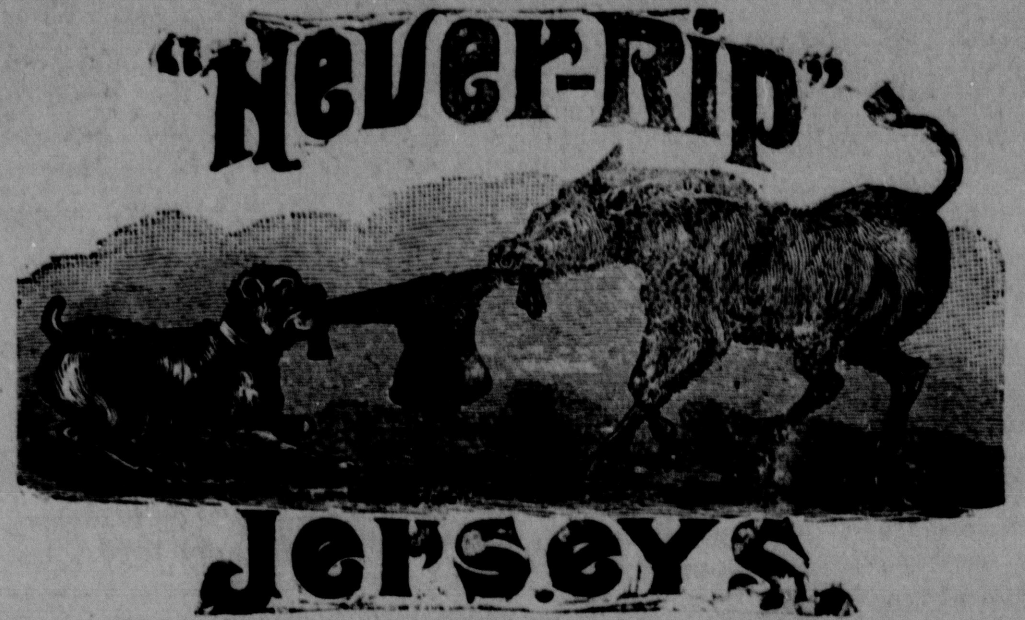
Ask your dealer for Dee's ninety-eight per cent. powdered lye and Silver Moon stove polish. 705tf.

Watch for it! The first symptoms of true croup is hoarseness, and if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given at once and the dose frequently repeated the dread disease may be entirely prevented and all danger and anxiety avoided. Sold by Turney & Hennessy.

Wood.

Good dry wood, for sale, \$4.00 delivered. M. McROBERTS.

Sold only by Austin & Co.



Some styles at one-half former price.

S. C. AUSTIN & CO.

Announcements.

I HEREBY announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk, subject to the action of the Republican Convention, to be held at Ambury, June 7th, 1886. d&w CHAS. H. GARDNER.

J. N. HYDE desires to announce to his friends that he will be a candidate before the Republican Convention, to be held on the 7th day of June, for Clerk of the County Court. d&w

I HEREBY announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk, subject to the action of the Republican Convention, to be held at Ambury, June 7th, '86. d&w JAMES H. THOMPSON.

I am a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to the action of the Republican Convention. Dixon, Ill., April 19th, 1886. d&w R. S. FARRAND.

I AM a candidate for re-election, to the office of County Superintendent of schools; subject to the action of the Republican Convention. SAMUEL J. HOWE.

Tillson & Hayden

LEADERS IN

FINEST WALL PAPER

PAINTS, OILS

—AND—

CURTAINS!

KELLER'S KALSOMINE!

The best known wall finish.

ANY ONE CAN USE IT.

Call and see Sample Card of Beautiful Tints. Sold only by

B. B. HIGGINS

DUNLAP BLOCK

—IN—

GENT'S STIFF

HATS!

Just arrived at the

Hat Store.

Brown, Black and Pearl Colors

CHAS. MULKINS, Painting and Paper Hanging

References: TILLSON & HAYDEN. 621m

If your Gasolite stove don't burn right send it down to Atkins & Bennett, Water street. They will put it in first class running order. Lawn mowers sharpened and repaired. 708tf

Stove Store Room.

I am prepared to take your stoves and place them in a good dry store room for the summer, at reasonable rates. 703tf

E. A. BODWELL.

Tillson & Hayden wish to make an assertion, which they can back with a positive guarantee. It is all about Acker's Blood Elixir. We claim for it superior merits over all other remedies of its kind, and guarantee for it a positive and sure cure for Rheumatism, Syphilis and all blood disorders. It frees the skin from spots and disease, and leaves the complexion clear. Ask us about it. 598yl

Blooming Plants.

House and bedding plants of all kinds at Pankhurst's Green House, open to the public from Monday morning until Saturday night. Call. 728tf.

Every family should have a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for use during the summer. Its prompt use has saved untold suffering, many lives and many doctor bills. It is the acknowledged standard, and can always be depended upon. Besides it is pleasant to take. It is put up in 25 cent, 50 cent and one dollar bottles. Sold by Turney & Hennessy. d&wy1

A good rule is to take the right medicine at the right time. Diseases that may prove dangerous are easily cured then, which is undoubtedly the case with all diseases having their origin in costiveness, bilious disorders and impure blood. St. Patrick's Pills are the best treatment and are a certain cure. 25 cents, of Turney & Hennessy. 817yl

The "constantly tired-out" feeling, so often experienced, is the result of impoverished blood, causing enfeebled vitality. Ayer's Sarsaparilla enriches the blood, increases the appetite, and promotes digestion. The system, thus invigorated, feels new strength and energy.

Tillson & Hayden wish to state that they have at last found an article they can sell on its merits. It is with pleasure they guarantee to the public Acker's English remedy as a sure and never failing cure for Asthma, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Croup, and all Lung Troubles.

House to rent on Second street. Convenient to business. 729tf

SPRINGWOOD D. ON.

Wanted 100 Stoves.

If you want your stoves stored away give me a call. I have a good dry room and will give prompt attention to all calls. 708ml

CHAS. ANDRES.

LOST.

SHAWL.—A Persian Shawl was lost on the 5th day of May, on the streets of Dixon, on the road leading south from Morrill Town, under the railroad. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving at this office, or with Rev. E. C. Sickels. 73612 86/w1

FOR SALE.

MILCH COW.—A good fresh milch cow. Wm. Rink. 74514

WANTED.

YOUNG STOCK to pasture. Terms reasonable. Apply at CLEARS DIXON BREWERY. 728w

FOR RENT.

SECOND HOUSE west of Arch, north side Second street. And half double house on Main street, third west of Peoria. 734tf

E. C. PARSONS.

THE DRAMA.

A Batch of News About Players on Both Sides of the Atlantic.

STAGE NAMES AND STAGE MORALS.

John T. Raymond's Passion for Gambling—Boucicault's Green-Room Gossip.

What's in a Name?

The use by actresses of their maiden names or assumed titles is common in the theatrical profession. Say what you will, it is an evidence of a desire to create an unnatural interest in the male portion of an audience. True, many of the most estimable women on the stage, model wives and mothers, permit this suppression of their wifely names from no wrong motives, and simply at the pleading suggestion of managers, who never hesitate at anything to excite the pruriency of the public. In the days of the old stock companies it was customary to see man and wife billed in the same cast as "Mr. and Mrs." So and So. But now you rarely see the marital title on a play bill, and yet, strange to say, there are very few women prominent on the stage who are not married. Think of that, ye callow youths who send tender missives and expensive bouquets to favorites of the footlights. And not only are most of them married, but many of them have a brood of little ones to look after. Let me run over for you, in proof of what I've said, a few names that I can call to mind. Fanny Davenport, all Philadelphia knows, is Mrs. E. F. Price. Louise Pomeroy, who is now playing in Forepaugh's Theater, is Mrs. Arthur Elliott, her husband being the leading man of her company. Louise Thorndyke, who is playing in "The Jilt," is Mrs. Dion Boucicault, and Agnes Robertson claims the same title. Theresa Vaughn, who was at the Arch Street Theater recently with "We Usher and Company," is Mrs. William Mestayer in private life, but legally she is Mrs. William Houpf, that being her husband's real name. Maggie Mitchell is Mrs. Henry Paddock. The royal looking Rose Eytinge is at present Mrs. Cyril Searle. Rose Coghlan only recently became Mrs. E. F. Edgerly. Margaret Mather's proper name is Margaret Miles. Kate Claxton, who created such a furor in the "Two Orphans" and who in some way figures in nearly all the big hotel fires, is Mrs. Charles Stevenson. Little Effie Ellsler has Mr. Frank Weston for her husband. Lillian Russell is Mrs. Edward Solomon, but the marital band is dreadfully strained just now. Agnes Booth became Mrs. John B. Schoeffel about six months ago. Little Ida Mülle, who looks like a child upon the stage, carries around with her in private life the ponderous name of Mrs. Benjamin Tuthill. Jolly Kate Castleton, who was the ideal of the dudes, was devoted to two husbands who were sent to prison, Joseph Elliott, a forger, and Harry Lee, a defaulter. She is now married to her present manager, Harry Phillips.

Eliza Weathersby is Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin, and Alice Atherton bears the name of another clever comedian, Willie Edouin. Even Minnie Maddern is not unfettered, her gorgeous name being Mrs. LeGrand White. Cute Minnie Palmer is said to be Mrs. John Rogers, but as that gentleman is her manager and a very shrewd one at that, he denies the statement. Marie Wainwright is Mrs. Louis James, and Marie Prescott is Mrs. Perzel. Irene Perry is married to the piano man, Albert Weber, and Laura Joyce, who is the best Katisha in this country, is married to Digby Bell, the Ko-Ko, who objects to having her as his wife in the opera of "The Mikado." Minnie Conway is Mrs. Osmond Tearle; Dickie Lingard is Mrs. David Dalziel; Kittie Blanchard is Mrs. McKee Rankin, and the graceful Louise Davenport bears the name of W. E. Sheridan. Mrs. Albert Follin is the proper title of Maude Granger. The tragic Janauschek is Mrs. E. G. Pillot. Annie Pixley is a devoted mother, whose children know her best as Mrs. Robert Fulford. Clara Morris has a handsome, gray-haired husband, in F. H. Harriott. Lizzie May Ulmer uses her husband's last name, she being properly Mrs. George Ulmer. Albina De Mer is the wife of Sam'l of Posen, or, more properly, M. B. Curtis.

I'll hurry through a few more names which I can recall. Caroline Hill is

Mrs. Herbert Kelcey, Lily West is Mrs. Harry Brown, Ellie Milton is Mrs. Frank Milton, Helen Dauvray is Helen Williams, Marion Elmore is Mrs. Frank Losee, Ada Gray is Mrs. Charles Watkins, Lottie Church is Mrs. John A. Stevens, Julia Wilson is Mrs. Charles Fox, Dora Wiley is Mrs. Richard Golden, Mattie Vickers is Mrs. Charles Rogers, Lizzie Harold is Mrs. W. S. Comley, Maggie Harrold is Mrs. William Davidge, Jr., and the beautiful Mary Burroughs, of the Madison Square Theater, is Mrs. Louis Massen.

The songstresses are equally deceptive; Alice Oates is Mrs. Samuel Watkins, and Emma Abbott is Mrs. Eugene Wetherell. That wonderful contralto, Mme. Scalchi, is the Countess Lolli, and Etelka Gerster is the wife of Dr. Gardini. Minnie Hank has a dreadfully long name—Mrs. G. Von Hesse Wartegg. Marie Roze is the wife of Henry Mapleson. So I might go on for hours, until both you and I were tired. But I think I have said enough to carry my point.—*Philadelphia News.*

An Actor's Passion for Gambling.

One morning the manager of the National Theater, in Washington, was sitting in his office quietly reading a newspaper, when a queer little face peeped into the window in front of him. A little hand with a big diamond ring on it slapped a quarter on the box-sheet, and a husky little voice defiantly said: "Good morning, Sam. Match you for the week's receipts!"

The proprietor of the face, the hand, the ring, the voice, and the quarter, was John T. Raymond, the comedian, whose inordinate passion for "matching" is so well known. There he was offering to match for the value of the entire receipts of his week's engagement, probably about \$5,000. His proposition appalled the manager, and Raymond then drew half a dozen gold double eagles out of his pocket and piling them up, clapped his hand over them, and said:

"Call the top one for the pile!"

This proposition was declined, and Raymond kept falling in his wagers until the manager finally matched the actor for a quarter and won it. It is said that Raymond has lost a big pile of money at his favorite sport. His matching on a big scale in San Francisco one season is reported to have cost him \$10,000. He has a standing offer to match any man living for anything from 25 cents to \$500.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Boucicault.

There have been three important eras in Boucicault's life as a dramatist. He was the first to teach English playgoers that the nineteenth century manners, characteristics, and incidents afforded materials for legitimate comedy. The frock coat and modern dress were introduced into English comedy in 1841 by him when he was a boy of 19. "London Assurance" and "Old Heads and Young Hearts" then revolutionized the fashion of the London stage. By combining the elements of comedy and tragedy in one play of melodramatic action, Boucicault introduced (1848) a second era on the English-speaking stage, and with the production of "The Colleen Bawn" (1860), the first of the Irish plays, the third era began. In "The Jilt" he has returned to first principles and imitated his earlier comedies.

Theatrical Intelligence.

"How did you like Miss De Montmorency last night?" asked Gus Snobberly of old Clamwooper. They were talking about a celebrated actress who appeared on the New York stage.

"I admired her very much in the role of a giddy school girl. She is improving. I saw her in that same role thirty-five years ago, and she didn't then appear to as much advantage as she did last night."—*Texas Siftings.*

Stage Notes.

MR. LEWIS C. WATSON leaves this week for Washington.

LAWRENCE BARRETT refused to play on Sunday night in New Orleans, and the theater was closed.

MINNIE PALMER has definitely settled for her Australian tour. She will sail for that country in September.

W. H. CRANE was once an employe of Benson Sherwood. Now the tables are turned, and Sherwood is Crane's employe.

BRONSON HOWARD will return from England in the autumn to rehearse the new play which he is writing for Miss Dauvray.

It is reported that the cause of the separation of Baker and Farron at the close of the season is the soubrette of the troupe.

THEY have a variety theater in Los Angeles, California, and when there are no matinees the girls hire out to pick oranges.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

A Bit of Interesting History.

The first division of the country into parties was over the question of adopting the Constitution. Part of the people strongly approved of it, while another part as strongly objected to many of its provisions, considering that they gave too much power into the hands of the Federal Government. Those who advocated a strong, centralized government became known as Federalists, and those who opposed it were called Anti-Federalists. It was a triumph for the Federalists that the Constitution was adopted in form as it was drawn up, but the first ten amendments of the Constitution, all adopted during the three years following, were very important concessions to the strength of the Anti-Federal sentiment. Washington was a Federalist, but the true leader of the party was Alexander Hamilton, to whose successful administration of her finances the salvation of the young republic was largely due. The Federalists were also called Republicans, a name which their leader, Thomas Jefferson, strongly wished them to retain. The second President, John Adams, was elected by the Federalists, but the passage of the alien sedition laws, for which this party was mainly responsible, excited much popular disfavor, and Adams was defeated for a second term by Thomas Jefferson, which virtually destroyed the power of the Federalist party. James Madison was also elected by the Republicans, and during his administration occurred the war with England, which the Federalists bitterly opposed. The stand taken by the party during the war, and especially the action of its leaders in calling the Hartford convention, wrought and complete ruin of the organization, and it wholly disappeared on the election of James Monroe by the Republicans in 1816. Party lines were completely broken down, and the next sixteen years were known as the "era of good feeling." John Quincy Adams in 1824, and Andrew Jackson in 1828, were elected on personal issues only. President Jackson's acts, however, provoked strong opposition, and under the leadership of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster his opponents formed a new party, which took the name of the Whig party. The upholders of the President called themselves Democrats, and claimed to be the successors of the old Jeffersonian Republicans. The distinctive principles advocated by the Whigs were a protective tariff and internal improvements by the general government, principles which the Democrats as strenuously opposed. The former party also sternly censured General Jackson's course in abolishing the United States Bank and in using the public offices to reward his adherents. Martin Van Buren was put in office by the Jackson party, but the commercial panic of 1827, for which the administration was held responsible, completely broke down Democratic prestige for the time, and General Harrison was elected by the Whigs in 1840 by an overwhelming majority. The fruits of this victory were held to be lost, however, by the death of President Harrison one month after his inauguration, and the course of his successor, President Tyler, in opposing the Whig leaders in Congress. The great question in securing the victory of the Democratic candidate, James K. Polk, was the annexation of Texas, which the Democrats urged and the Whigs opposed. But through many of the Whigs disapproved of the war with Mexico which followed, this did not prevent their leaders from choosing as their candidate, the successful commander of the Mexican campaign, General Taylor, whose popularity insured the party a comparatively easy victory. The slavery question was now continually obtruding itself, and, while both of the dominant parties were trying to avoid its difficulties, it led to the formation of a new party at the North, the Liberty party, or Abolitionists, made up of the anti-slavery Whigs, who combined in 1848 with the anti-slavery Democrats under the name of the Free Soil party. The organization, however, did not make much impression upon the elections of the country until it was merged in the Republican party in 1856. Meanwhile the Whig party had been gradually losing its power, in spite of the efforts of its leaders to compromise the growing difficulties between the North and South on the slavery question. In 1852 it put forward General Winfield Scott as its candidate, but not even his splendid military reputation could save it from defeat. The slavery question now overshadowed all other issues, and during the administration of President Pierce, the successful candidate of the Democrats in 1852, the Whig party disappeared, and a new party—the Republican—arose. The main principle of this party was opposition to the extension of slavery in the Territories. It

never claimed, even up to the inauguration of President Lincoln, the right to interfere with the institution where it already existed. The party was so far organized in 1856 that it presented a very formidable opposition, but did not succeed in electing its candidate. In 1860, however, it was successful, and the announcement of its victory was the signal for the secession of the Southern States.

There have been several other minor political parties in the history of the country which have had some influence in weakening one or the other of the dominant organizations in local elections, as the American or Know-nothing party, the Constitutional Union, the Anti-Masonic, the Greenback, and the Prohibition parties. None of these, however, have ever materially affected our political history.—*Inter Ocean.*

THE JEWS AFTER THE DISPERSION.

An assessment was made in 1293 of the Jews in the three kingdoms of Sancho, the son of Alphonso X., two years after his accession. It appeared that there were in Leon, Castile and Murcia 700,000 male Jews above the age of 16. The total number, therefore, including women and children, must have exceeded 2,000,000. The annual dues paid by them amounted to 2,310,021 maravedis, nearly \$500,000 of our money. In that country two Jewish impostors made their appearance, and obtained great influence over their countrymen, though the falsehoods they palmed off were different from those usually put forward by adventurers of their class. The first of them, one Zechariah, did not himself claim to be the Messiah, but to have discovered a new mode of interpreting prophecy, which showed beyond dispute that he was close at hand. A belief prevailed among the Jews, that if any man could attain to a correct pronunciation of the presumably ineffable name of God, he would thereby acquire all knowledge and all power. Zechariah professed to have done this, and on that ground claimed to declare positively the day of the Messiah's appearing. The Jews—a large part of them, that is—credited his pretensions, and went on the appointed day to their synagogue clothed in white to receive their deliverer. What became of the impostor does not seem to be recorded. The second pretender professed to have obtained a complete copy of the book Zohar, of which only fragments were known to exist. He was a rabbi, named Moses de Leon, who being unable to support himself and family by the income of his synagogue, devised this mode of raising money. It seems to have been a considerable time before it was discovered that the missing portion of the book was supplied from his own imagination. The credulity of the Jews, in general so astute, on this and similar matters is very surprising. In A. D. 1281, Jayme II. succeeded to the throne of Arragon. He was as anxious as his predecessor had been for the conversion of the Jews, and issued several edicts with that design. He ordered that the Jews should attend the lectures delivered by Dominican friars on the point of difference between the Jewish and Christian faith, and further, be required to answer, if they could, the arguments of their instructors. If they refused to attend, probably—though this is not recorded—if they refused to embark in a controversy, in which success would be more dangerous to them than defeat, they were to suffer such corporal punishment as the friars should adjudge. This, however, was all that was imposed. The young king refused to repeal the righteous and merciful laws of his great-grandfather and grandfather, and strict justice to the Jews remained the rule in Spain when the thirteenth century came to a close.—*Sunday at Home.*

LIMIT OF TEMPERATURE.

Investigation shows that the limit of temperature at which men can work depends upon the length of their exposure, the amount of exertion they put forth, their condition, and the nature of the atmosphere, particularly as to its degree of moisture. It is stated that men have been employed on railways at 104°, in mines—under very favorable conditions—at 125°, and are said to work occasionally in the stoke-holes of tropical steamers at 156°. Prof. Dubois is reported to have estimated that a temperature of 125° can be endured when the air is as dry as possible, but that even 104° is likely to prove fatal in an atmosphere saturated with moisture. It is also considered certain that men cannot become accustomed to stand for any considerable time a higher temperature than from 145° to 165°, even when they keep perfectly still and are in quite pure air.

TIME is money, but how little store we put by it. If one of the hours wasted each day on trifles or indolence was devoted to improvement, it would make an ignorant man wise in ten years.

COLONIAL RACES.

How Heterogeneous Elements Are Slowly Absorbed Without Leaving Traces.

Then comes the United States, with its vigorous and increasing population, says Prof. Virchow, writing in *Popular Science Monthly*. "However much it may be mixed, it will always be Aryan at the bottom, for all the heterogeneous elements are absorbed, almost without leaving traces of themselves, in that immense hearth of colonization, which has no parallel in history. The English have been no less happy in the settlement of Australia, a colonization the energetic expansion of which has not been checked except toward the North, where the conditions grow unfavorable as the settlements approach the equator. Hence it comes that, in the northern part of Queensland, European colonists are not in a condition to endure the fatigue of agricultural labor. This fact has had much to do with the efforts made of late years to annex New Guinea and New Britain, whence it has been proposed to draw the manual forces required for the tillage of the soil.

In the South African colonies the Dutch have been solidly established for some 200 years; and in a few countries of South America, colonies composed of people of various European origin have prospered, though unequally. There are also some young colonies founded by Germans on the Rio Grande, in Brazil, which a fancy still needing confirmation has placed in the rank of healthful countries and suitable for our people. Reviewing the results that have been obtained in the colonies thus briefly enumerated, which embrace the sum of more or less fortunate enterprises of the kind, we see that their success has been in inverse proportion to the difference in isothermic latitude between them and the mother country of the colonists. But in every case it is not probable that the organization of the colonists has escaped having to pay, at the expense of profound alterations, for acclimatization in foreign countries. Men of science, as well as tourists, have been interested for many years in the study of the Yankee type, which, according to the general opinion, is not wholly comparable with the English or German, or with the cross of the two with the Irish race. The peculiar physiology of the Yankee race is yet to be made out, and I cannot insist too strongly on the great value of the scientific results that might accrue from the study of this delicate ethnological problem. It is averred that the transformations of this type grow more pronounced as we go from the Northern to the Southern States.

PERFUME-MAKING ON THE RIVIERA.

The first is the costly but ordinary method of the retort, placed over a small furnace, carrying the vapor as it condenses into a receiver, with glass tubes on the outside to catch the essential oil. Verbena, geranium, and lavender are treated in this way. The second is very curious, and, seemingly, ought to be disastrous. Flowers in certain proportions are flung into good-sized kettles of hot pork and beef grease, kept warm by placing the vessels in boiling water; they are well stirred together, and left still hot for twelve hours, after which the mixture is well pressed. The flowers are then thrown away, and the operation is repeated with fresh ones, until the liquid grease is sufficiently charged with odor, when it is placed in a cold receiver half full of spirits of wine, which in a few days becomes impregnated with the perfume, and is drawn off for sale. If the grease is not subjected to the spirits of wine on the premises, it is sold in its congealed state to the London scemakers, who treat it at their leisure. Roses, orange blossoms, and violets are some of those requiring this method. The third, to the eyes of a novice, does not appear so hopelessly destructive or so willfully barbarous; yet the sacrifice of beauty is the same. A layer of olive oil or cold grease, carefully prepared, is placed upon a frame, the flower being dotted over it face downward, and remaining for twenty-four or thirty hours.—*London Spectator.*

WHEN THE MERCURY FELL.

"Deep in the satin recesses," his letter ran, "of this fairy box you will find a ring. I had it made for you to inclose, as it were, my sentiments on this joyful occasion."

Her heart stood still. "How beautiful!" she murmured, as she took up the box. "How simple and poetic a way of asking me to be his wife, and so direct. 'Ah!' and she kissed the bluish paper and tenderly untied the string. "I tremble," she whispered. "Will it be a diamond, or a ruby, or a—?"

It was neither. It was a napkin-ring.—*Exchange.*

"MEN work the Central American earth like bees in a hive," says M. de Lesseps, still sanguine as to his Panama scheme.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES;

OR,

The Skeleton in the Family Closet.

BY M. C. FARLEY.

[CONTINUED.]

He could hardly believe his ears. But there was no mistaking Dick's voice; besides, the windows were open, and from his shaded seat Longford could look straight into the apartment. It had commenced by Kit's wondering what she would wear at her brother's wedding.

Dick, who had gone into the "den," as he called it, to ask a loan from one of the girls—it had come to that with him—remarked that he "didn't want to be disgraced by a dowdyish lot of sisters, and they must make a good appearance, whatever happened."

"Well," said Kittie, "I can't 'appear' very well in a made-over frock, and that is what it will be. Oh, dear! I wish I need not go to your wedding, Dick; do let me stop at home."

"And create a scene to begin with," retorted Dick crossly, his temper rising, as it invariably did at the least suggestion of economy or retrenchment. "You've only to order a gown, and that is easy enough done."

"As for ordering a gown," Kit replied, "without the money to pay for it, I never will. I tell you, Dick, once you are married, all this sham and subterfuge we now resort to will be done away with. I'm sick and tired out with trying to maintain a fifteen-thousand-a-year appearance on less than that many hundreds. When you are once settled, we girls will take ourselves to some other locality, where, if we work for a living, we can do it openly and above-board."

Longford did not mean to listen, but almost before he was aware of it one word had followed so fast upon the heels of another that their carefully concealed secret was in his possession. For a moment he was dazed. Then, remembering himself, and where he was, he carefully retreated to his room unseen, there to ponder upon what he had heard.

In spite of himself, and all the appearances to the contrary, Longford was obliged to believe that what he had heard was true. To give color to it all now, he remembered many little things he had not thought of before. One fact stood out sharp and clear from all the rest, and that was, during all the time he had known them—some months now—he had never seen the young ladies idle save when when summoned sometimes by callers to the parlor.

Often and often he had seen Kit herself—and here he admitted he was no longer so disinterested as he had been—sitting at her ease in that self-same parlor laughing with the gay people who often insisted upon "hunting up the Fentons" in their country retreat, with that endless strip of embroidery in her fingers, always cheerful, but always busy. If he had wondered at this incessant industry the cause was now explained, and he wondered no longer.

Then he thought about Jo, and of her bending hour after hour over her writing desk, as he had seen her, though he had never for a moment suspected her of writing articles for the press, and paid articles at that. How was he, a stranger, to know that Jo's "writing moods" had already become an established fact, and admitted of no interference, and that Gillian's hours for painting were respected by the sisters as so much capital in *perdu*? He remembered, too, with a feeling of shame, how, more than once, he had rallied Kit upon her apparently endless strip of embroidery.

His anger rose at Dick's conduct; it was foolishness and out of all reason. Here, instead of the man breasting the storm of misfortune and working for the sisters, the case was reversed, and the sisters toiled to support a brother in idleness.

"Can he be a man?" thought Longford, indignantly. "No! Dick Fenton is a devil. Poor Kit," he soliloquized, pacing the floor, "you shall be sacrificed no longer if I can help it."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FAIRY GODPAPA.

Now to "work openly and above board" for one's bread and butter is an excellent thing—in its way.

But Dick knew, if Kit did not, that for her to openly admit that she labored for her bread would be to find herself dropped like a hot wafer from that exclusive circle the Fentons were accustomed to revolve in.

Society may, and does, forgive gilded vice; but the line of distinction must be drawn somewhere, and society openly draws it at the hand of toil.

Longford realized this fact as he went into the city the ensuing morning, and was inclined to find excuses for Dick's mistaken policy of concealment. Where Longford blamed Dick more particularly was in Dick's saddling the entire business of self-denial upon his sisters.

It was a strange case, and Longford would not have believed there existed so thoroughly selfish a man as Dick if he had not had ocular demonstration of it. He went into a great furnishing house, and was soon busy looking at the ready-made costumes. The attendant thought him very hard to please, but he finally selected a pale blue satin, with exquisite lace draperies, and ordering everything to go with it, in the way of gloves and shoes, and hair ornaments, paid the bill and took it away himself.

The next day a great flat parcel was delivered at Stonington Villa by the expressman.

It was unusual for the expressman to leave parcels at the Fentons', for they did very little shopping, and Kit pulled off the outer wrapper with something like dismay. But there was no cause for alarm, and she gave a scream of delight as the cover fell off the box and the contents were exposed to view.

"My exact fit," she cried, holding the shining dress up to view, "and just my style." She fell to embracing her astonished relatives with a vigor that left her breathless.

"Who could have sent it?" said Mrs. Fenton, plaintively.

Kit, brought down to *terra firma* by this speech, instantly thought of her brother.

"It is Dick's work," said she, thoughtfully, her lips beginning to quiver, "and I must return it at once."

She knew he had no money with which to purchase so costly a dress as this, and, therefore, must have had the bill charged. For a moment she was tempted to keep it anyhow, but too well she knew how the money would have to be earned to pay for it, and quickly decided upon sending it back.

She burst into a passion of tears and sobs. To be so horrid, horrid poor!

As she folded the satin skirt, a note dropped from the folds. She hastened to tear it open. There was a receipted bill, and scrawled in a strange hand across the margin was the following:

"To Miss Kit, from her fairy godpapa, with a request that the blue gown and the boots and the gloves may be worn at Dick's wedding."

"I never had a godpapa," said Kit, in amazement. "Isn't it odd. It must have been sent by Dick."

But Dick denied all knowledge of the affair when he came home, and he denied it so earnestly they were obliged to believe him.

It remained a mystery to them where the dress came from.

The only person who could have shed any light upon the subject persisted in keeping his own counsel, and nobody was any wiser for what he knew about it.

And Kit—it must be confessed that this mercenary young person retired to bed that night much happier in the possession of that marvelous gown than she would have been without it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

Time in its steady march brought Dick's wedding day so near that now scarce four and twenty hours intervened between him and the consummation of his hopes.

It was the night before the wedding, and the hour was late; but late as it was, Dick stood concealed in the deep shadow thrown by a friendly church spire, apparently waiting for some one.

The city clocks were striking twelve when a slim, dark-robed figure turned the street corner, and paused in the same concealing shadow for a brief moment.

"Is that you, Florine?"

Dick advanced cautiously. The woman instantly joined him.

"It is I," said she, slowly pacing by his side.

"How many times must I tell you that our intimacy is ended?" said he in a low and angry tone. "This is the last time, positively, that I will accede to any request of yours for a meeting."

She laughed a sneering laugh that irritated him beyond measure.

"You will come when I send for you, Dick Fenton," retorted she recklessly, "and you will fetch me money."

"I have no money," said he, savagely. "You have stripped me of all I ever did have."

"If you refuse to give me what I ask, I know how to get it," said she, threateningly. "How?"

"I will go to the church to-morrow—the church were you are to be married, and I will take your child there, and putting it on your bride's knee will tell her its father is her husband."

He stopped short and looked at his companion, a dangerous light shining in his eyes. He had been drinking, not enough to make his tongue thick or his gait unsteady—but just enough to have his anger easily stirred; just enough to be guilty of a crime which in his saner moments Dick would have turned from, shivering with horror at the thought.

"You'll not dare do that," cried he. "It would be my ruin." Again she laughed, a mocking, maddening laugh that stirred the very devil in him.

"Florine dares do anything," said she, coolly.

"There was once a time, Florine," Dick feigned a tenderness he did not feel, "when my wish was your law—a time when I believed you loved me."

"Long passed—long enough ago," she interrupted.

"And have you so far forgotten that happy time that you can betray me now, when betrayal would be my certain ruin?"

Florine turned fiercely upon him.

"Forget!" she ejaculated. "I wish I might! Can I ever forget that you are a villain—that I was once a happy, innocent girl, and believed your false promises? If I live a thousand years the remembrance of your baseness—your treachery to me—will haunt me to the very end."

"Granting all that, why do you wish to ruin my prospects now? My downfall cannot possibly do you any good."

"Why?" turning upon him like a tigress. "Because I hate you so heartily your destruction will be enjoyable. Did you feel any compunction when you flung me upon the streets a vagabond and a nobody?"

He laid a restraining hand upon her shoulder.

"Hush! you speak too loud."

"Don't touch me," endeavoring to shake him off; "I hate you."

"Not so loud—not so fast. Promise me to go to your home and wait patiently for the money, and I'll let you go."

Florine was reckless.

"I promise nothing, and I wish the whole world was here to hear every word I say."

Dick swore a deep oath.

"Sometimes people are compelled to shut their mouths, whether they will or no; don't force me to improvise one of those times right here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you dare do as you spoke of doing a little while ago, that matters will be worse for you," said Dick, doggedly.

She laughed bitterly.

"Give me the money, then; and now, or not at all."

His hand moved closer to her throat; his breath came quick and hard.

"You are sure you mean what you say?"

"All that, and more."

"Then your fate is sealed," said he, in a fierce whisper, clasping her throat in a vise-like grip. She struggled desperately in his grasp, fighting like a tigress for her life. But after all, she was but a girl in the hands of a maddened villain.

"We will see what you will do," said he, his hands closing tightly about her neck. "You will die."

She gave one low, choking scream—a scream he strangled in her throat; her tongue protruded—her face grew black.

He felt the heavy weight of her body fall against him as she ceased to struggle, and stepping backward, it dropped limp and lifeless to the ground.

CHAPTER X.

SOCIETY WASHES ITS HANDS OF DICK.

He wiped his heated face. "There," said he, turning upon his heel, "I never meant to kill her. But it is done now, and that is the end of her—the end of a nobody."

But so great a crime was not to go unpunished.

That one gurgling cry had been heard. A watchman going his solitary round had heard the cry, and, hastening to the spot, had witnessed the final struggle.

As Dick turned hastily away from the warm body of his victim, a hand was laid roughly on his shoulder and the muzzle of a pistol pressed his forehead.

"I arrest you for murder," said a voice, and Fenton found himself in the grasp of a policeman.

The news of Dick's arrest on the charge of murder went like wild-fire over the city.

To the bride in her maiden bower, it came like a thunderbolt from heaven, striking her down to the very earth, rendering her for a time unconscious even of the friends that ministered to her wants. The wedding was to have taken place at high noon—the prospective groom was sitting alone behind the prison bars; the bride elect was raving with brain fever, and Judge Barlow was thanking God that, if it had to be, the exposure had come before his daughter's name was unalterably linked with that of the wretched prisoner.

No words can express the dreadful feelings of Dick's mother and sister, as the hideous sin was made known to them at Stonington Villa. But, worse than all their grief, deeper and more terrible was the remorse that took possession of Dick's soul, now that it was too late—forever too late to undo what he had done. As he had sown, so now must he reap. He had made his bed—he must lie in it. From the very first public opinion went dead against him. He made no denial of his guilt; and could not, for he had been caught in the very act. Public indignation against him only deepened when gradually the details of the story crept out.

He had ruined a girl, and, tiring of her, had thrown her and his illegitimate child upon the streets. That in itself was bad enough; but when she had threatened exposure and he had killed her as he might have killed a dog that displeased him—to rid himself of her importunities—this was going too far altogether, and was more than society could bear. So society now rose *en masse*, and proclaimed far and wide the fact of its condemnation. Of all the gay friends who once clustered about him and helped him to spend his money, and for whose company Dick had done so much to keep up appearances, not one now called to see him at the prison. One stern interview with Judge Barlow, in which the Judge told him coldly he would provide lawyers to conduct the defense at the forthcoming trial, was all the call vouchsafed the wretched boy—for Dick was hardly more than that—from the family of his affianced.

But his mother lost no time in hastening to the prison cell—never for a moment did her faith in Dick waver; not for a second did she think he would not be freed at last from the odium that now covered him.

In this crisis, though Longford was indescribably shocked at the crime, he bestirred himself in Dick's behalf, and went in person to the office of a celebrated criminal lawyer to retain his services for the prisoner.

"It is almost sure to go against him," said Mr. Storrs, as they talked the case over. "No jury will want to listen to the old pleas of 'emotional insanity' or 'extenuating circumstances.' Indeed, if you really want my private opinion, there are no 'extenuating circumstances' about it. Still, I will do the best I can in his behalf."

This being all he could do, Longford was obliged to content himself with it. He went to Dick in prison, but Dick refused to see him.

"It is not a time for one to stand upon ceremony," muttered Longford, "and I know Dick's family need friends now, and friendly assistance, if they ever will. I shall go to Stonington Villa."

And to Stonington Villa he went. Kit alone received him. Longford could not repress an exclamation of dismay as she entered the parlor.

White as she could ever be even in her coffin, with all her merry, mischievous tricks and graces gone, her eyes dilated with a nameless horror, she glided into the room; her manner was strained and awkward, entirely unlike the Kittie Fenton he had known of old.

"Oh Kit, my poor girl," said Longford, taking her hand.

Something in his tone melted her to tears. She sat down, the endless embroidery trailing as of old across her arm.

Even now in their present distress she might not stop that labor which had helped them, and still must help them, to keep up appearances.

"Oh! have you heard?" she began, with quivering lip.

"It all," he interrupted gently. "And as a friend of Dick and Dick's sisters I am here to offer my services in any way you may find them useful."

"Poor, poor Dick," cried Kittie, covering her face with her hands, the tears trickling between her fingers.

"Poor Dick, indeed," said Longford, sadly, "he is to be pitied."

Then he told her gently and by degrees what he had done in her brother's behalf; he knew that one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the West was retained to conduct the defense. He told her, too, that this lawyer almost invariably won all cases submitted to his care. Long before the interview was over Longford had somehow instilled hope in the sister's heart, and there was almost the ghost of a smile upon her ghastly face as he rose to take his leave.

CHAPTER XI.

"Trouble never comes singly." That truthful old proverb was never more fully illustrated than in the case of the Fenton family.

Dick's arrest had so completely overwhelmed his family with grief and shame that they thought there was nothing more for them to grieve over. They went nowhere, saw nobody, living even yet more secluded than they ever had lived before. So wrapped up were they in their sorrow and poverty and shame, no shadow of another trouble soon to be revealed to them disturbed their minds.

So they were surprised one day by a visit from Lawyer Smart.

Bowing and cringing, and smiling, he sidled along to a chair, and sitting down upon its edge, began in his accustomed fawning manner to state the object of his call.

"I came to see about the interest on your mortgage," he said to Mrs. Fenton, who, as usual, had her face buried in the folds of her handkerchief.

But the word "mortgage" aroused her into something like life, and she emerged from the handkerchief long enough to utter an indignant exclamation.

"Mortgage!" she ejaculated; "whose mortgage?"

"As I was saying, dear madam," Smart unrolled some papers he had taken from his breast pocket—"the interest on your mortgage is now overdue. As it was to have been paid in half-yearly installments, I have waited a few days over the stipulated time, expecting to hear something from you. But as you made no sign I thought I would drop in and see you personally about it."

"Mortgage?" again ejaculated Mrs. Fenton, this time with a rising influence and a much louder tone. "Monster, did you say mortgage to me?"

"It is a monster, is it?" retorted Smart, his yellow fangs showing themselves in a solid row against his flabby lips. "I did say 'mortgage,' and I did say it to you. And what's more, I want my money."

"I don't understand you. Our home was never mortgaged that I know of."

"Perhaps you have forgotten about it," he laughed hideously. "The mortgage is there all solid, and as good a 'sticking-plaster' as any man need have, even in these times."

"I never signed a document of that kind in my life," she said, proudly.

"Perhaps you have forgotten about it," repeated Smart, growing disagreeably familiar with the progress of the discussion; "but your signature is well known, and can be proved. Your son will remember the transaction. He knew all about it; in fact, carried the papers to you for you to sign, and received the money himself."

A groan of despair broke from the unhappy mother.

Memory recalled that little scene in the library of that princely city home. She remembered that purported lease, and Dick's half-concealed agitation, his too evident haste to be off, and conviction strong as the grip of death settled upon her, finding expression in the wild and bitter cry:

"Oh, Richard, my son, my son!"

Now utter and complete ruin stared them in the face. Without their home it would be no longer possible for them to make even a decent appearance in that gay world to which they had so long belonged.

How bitterly hard it was to know they had scribbled and saved and toiled, and all for naught, for the sake of that brother who now seemed to reach out and strike them from his prison cell.

Unperceived by any one, Longford had entered the house, and for some time had been standing in the parlor door. He now entered the room.

Points for Attorneys.

To Jugglers in Jurisprudence:

"Oyez, oyez, oyez!" both bantam baristers and sly old solicitors, "catch on" to the following codifications:

1. Plead all your cases with fire and energy. Use "Coke" to start the fire.

2. In summing up, avoid long sentences. This is particularly applicable in defending a burglar, for that's just what he hires you to avoid in his behalf.

3. Always go up on appeal to a higher court. There is only one instance on record where a lawyer went down on a peel to a lower court—and that was when he slipped on a banana skin and made a meteoric stairway descent into a basement court!

4. Be very careful when fooling around with *prima facies*, writs of *certiorari*, mandamus, *capias* ad *satisfaciendum*, etc., and not run up against any of the words—unless you want to be lugged off to the hospital, and reported in the newspapers as having been "accidentally stabbed."

5. Make it a rule to invariably snavely refer to the opposing counsel as "my learned brother" or "the distinguished advocate on the other side," during the progress of a suit. After adjournment, and getting outside, you can blow about "that egregious ass," and call him all the blankity-blank "shysters" you choose, i. e., if he is a little man, or, if big, is not present to resent it.

6. Evidence your goodness of heart by never accepting a retaining fee from a poverty-stricken client; especially if it's a poor cripple going to sue a railway corporation for damages. Wait until the amount awarded by the jury for his injuries is paid, and then rob him of seven-eighths of the same for "legal services rendered."

7. Cultivate the society of some second-hand bookstore proprietor. Then whenever your office library is pawned with "Uncle Levi," you can drop around to your friend's place of business, and "crib" the data for your arguments from his stock of old law volumes.

8. Don't be overcome with awe, or assume an air of bashful reserve on meeting a dignified and sanctimonious Judge of the Supreme Bench in the street. It would hardly be advisable, however, to be so funny and familiar as to accost him with, "Hello, old Rocks! Let's go and have a little mutual practice before some run-shop 'bar!' It's my 'treat'!" When you next appeared before him in a trial, he might "treat" you meaner'n the very devil, and dub you "Mr. Fresh," while rendering an unfavorable decision, and sarcastically exposing any existing defects in your brief.

9. If you are attorney for a lady plaintiff in a divorce case, make her believe that her husband is a monster of cruelty because he wouldn't give her \$100 to invest in a Parisian imported bonnet. Then, if you are a married man, show your sincerity by going home at night and refusing your own wife fifty cents with which to buy herself a needed pair of rubber overshoes for wet weather. (Tell her "a woman's proper place is in the house, and not to be forever gadding all over town!")

Having put Blackstonian quibblers in "possession" of "nine points of law," I will now suffer the execution of an "ejectment" from further occupancy of these columns.—*Jef Joslyn in Chicago Ledger.*

Now HUBBARD cometh tenderly To help convulse society, And every little boy is pained In spring time for his pie-eaty.

THE inventor of the coal-oil stove was a bachelor, but a close observer.

THE PARAGRAPHERS.

MARK TWAIN never drinks. This accounts for his dry humor.

THE baker is the only loafer entitled to respect.—*National Weekly.*

NEVER give matches to children to play with unless you are insured heavily.

If you want to call an old maid "tough," you say "She's no spring chicken." People who board reverse this.

WHAT is the difference between P. T. Barnum and the droning noise of an insect? One is a humbug and the other a bug hum.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

What is the sense of the pagan Chinese claiming to be an industrious people, when all the world knows they are an idol class of mortals.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A MINNESOTA man has discovered a sure remedy to cure and prevent back-ache, from which so many men suffer. His wife uses the hoe. This kind of "rot" is hoe-made.—*Maverick.*

HE—Is your pa in, Sadie? She—Yes, but you needn't be afraid to come in for he has just gone up stairs to wind his Waterbury watch and he won't be down again for three hours at least.—*Boston Courier.*

A DEAF teamster drove a load of coal on the scales. "What have you got there?" called the weigher. "Hey?" said the driver. "All right," responded the weigher, and sent in a bill of \$16.50 for a ton of it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"What is your religion, Mr. Glibber?" asked the landlady of the new boarder. "Meat three times a day," was the reply that startled the good woman, and put her in a reverie as to whether the man was a heathen or had misunderstood the question.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"PA! didn't you say there was a good many steamer-lines from here to Europe?" "I did, my son." "And that some of 'em makes twenty knots an hour?" "Yes, my little man." "Well, then, I'd like to know how they ever get the lines out of tangle."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

IN Central Australia a part of the marriage ceremony of the natives consists in the bridegroom knocking the bride down with a club. In this country, however, the bridegroom generally postpones this ceremony until after they are married a few weeks.—*Newman Independent.*

A KANSAS editor says it is all bosh to suppose that thick corn husks or thick feathers on a fowl are responsible for a cold winter. He might as well assure us that the Kentucky goose-bone, when it is black a foot deep, doesn't produce a winter cold enough to split open iron hitching posts.—*Norristown Herald.*

THERE is a polite request that we often meet with in old writers, "Lend me your ear." What does a man want to borrow your ear for more than any other feature of your face. Why does he never say "Lend me your eye," or "Lend me your nose," or "Allow me to borrow your cheek," which would be a much more serviceable piece of property in many cases. We have heard of cases where a man could not distinguish his elbow from any other part of his anatomy, but we do not see why that joint should not be the subject of a temporary loan as well as the auricular appendage.—*Texas Sittings.*

THE ROMANCE OF A WATCH.

One day his father said to John:

"Come here and see what I have bought—"

A Waterbury watch, my son—

It is the boon you long have sought!"

The boy could scarce believe his eyes—

The watch was shiny, smooth, an' slick—

He snatched the nickel-plated prize

An' wound away to hear it tick.

He wound an' wound, an' wound, an' wound,

An' kept a windin' fit to kill—

The weeks an' months an' years rolled round,

But John he kep' a windin', still!

As autumns came and winters went

An' summer follered arter spring,

John didn't mind—he was intent

On windin' up that darned ol' thing.

He's got to be a poor ol' man—

He's bald an' deaf an' blind an' lame,

But, like he did when he began,

He keeps on windin', jess the same.

—*Chicago News.*

A STRANGE TREE.

There is a tree on the plantation of J. C. Duggan that presents quite a novelty in its growth. It is about twenty inches in diameter one foot from the ground. The first section of about twelve feet rises at an angle of about sixty degrees and then it runs horizontally about twenty feet, and then after a rise at about the same angle as the first for five or six feet it takes a horizontal line to the top. The entire length of the tree is about seventy feet, and a child can reach the boughs that would be the top if it were standing perpendicularly. A person can walk forty feet on the body and jump to the ground without any inconvenience.—*Sandersville (Ga.) News.*

DEATH ENDED IT ALL.

TRAGIC END OF A COUPLE OF ST. PAUL SINNERS.

Fussie Acid and Morphine Do Deadly Work in the Family—A Wife Driven from Home by Her Husband, Who Evades Punishment in This World—The Other Woman.

ST. PAUL, May 8.—A neat two-story frame dwelling at No. 640 Bedford street is fitted up as a drug store, which has been managed by Charles Woerner, who, with his wife and two little girls, occupied the upper story. In the employ of the Woerner family was a domestic about 21 years of age, known to all the neighborhood simply as "Katie," whose last name was identical with that of her employer, although they were not related. In the store Katie's brother, John, about 16 years old, was employed. For some time past Woerner has looked with a favoring eye upon his handmaiden, much to the grief of his lawful wife, who was comely, loving, and the financial backer of the family, while the girl Katie was far from being a prepossessing person in any way. Several days ago Mrs. Woerner remonstrated with her husband about the growing intimacy between him and Katie. Woerner refused to listen to his wife and used threatening language to her. Mrs. Woerner said that she was mistress of the house, and that the girl should go. Katie retorted that she (Mrs. Woerner) was not the mistress of the house, and never had been. The husband then took the girl's part, and said she should not leave, and the matter culminated in the wife being actually driven from the house. On May 6 Mrs. Woerner swore out a warrant for her husband's arrest, charging him with disorderly conduct, and Friday morning about 7:40 o'clock Officer Sorenson called at the drug store to serve it. Woerner was standing on the doorstep, talking to a physician named Amos. Sorenson waited until he was done, and then entered the store. As Sorenson entered Woerner called to a man named Strong: "You want to stay around here. There's going to be some work to do." Strong asked Sorenson to go up stairs, as a girl was poisoned, and the officer complied with the request, finding Katie lying on the floor dead. Returning to the drug store, he served the warrant of Woerner and stepped to the telephone to summon the patrol van to convey his prisoner to the Central police station. Woerner, it is surmised, swallowed the contents of a vial of prussic acid, and stepped to the water closet, where he fell calling for water. The officer looked around and saw that something serious had occurred. He gave the man a drink, and then with Strong's assistance brought him back and laid him on the floor behind the prescription case. Dr. Pool, who was summoned, found Woerner in the throes of death, and he could detect no pulsation. The deadly acid had done its work. Upon the arrival of Dr. Amos he told Dr. Pool that about 7 o'clock Friday morning Woerner had sent for him (Pool); but, finding him out, Dr. Amos was telephoned for to come and attend to Katie, who had been poisoned. Upon Dr. Amos' arrival at the drug store he found Katie gasping her last. She was evidently suffering from the effects of some poison or drug. In the room was a smell of morphine. Woerner told Dr. Amos that he found some morphine in Katie's pocket. There are those who believe that Woerner furnished her poison, and induced her to depart into the unknown, with a promise that he would follow. Others think the girl was poisoned by Woerner, but only the bare fact that she is dead is susceptible of positive proof. She was a short and stout German girl, homely to such a degree that it is almost incredible that any man would cast aside his wife to enter into a liaison with her. Charles Woerner was a German by birth. He had been married sixteen or seventeen years. There seems to have been something peculiar in the relation between Woerner and Katie. Both were from Germany, but from what part could not be ascertained. Both bore the same surname, and Woerner had relatives in the old country, from which Katie was a comparatively recent comer. It is possible that the two may have been blood relations, and that they wished it kept secret from Mrs. Woerner.

Cremated by Natural Gas.

PITTSBURG, May 8.—The remains of Thomas J. Barney, a wealthy and leading citizen of St. Paul, Minn., arrived in this city Thursday night accompanied by a relative of the deceased. A few minutes after arrival the body, which weighed 240 pounds, was placed in the retort of Sampson's natural gas company on Sixth Avenue. Two hours later the gas was turned off. The receptacle was removed Friday and the ashes, weighing eight pounds, placed in an urn and delivered to the friend who at once left for St. Paul.

Fatally Wounded and Robbed.

BRADY'S BEND, Pa., May 8.—Charles Glenn, of this place, was riding through a lonely place of woods near Petrolia, late Thursday night, when two men attacked him and demanded his money. Glenn refused, when both men fired at him, the bullets taking effect, one shattering an arm, the other in the shoulder, producing a fatal wound. They then relieved Glenn of \$400 cash, a gold watch, killed his horse and escaped into the woods.

Snake-Charmers Bitten.

ST. LOUIS, May 8.—Professor Hathaway, a snake-charmer in a circus, was bitten by a large anaconda during the performance Thursday afternoon, and it is said is fatally hurt. The reptile, one of the largest of its kind, was coiled around the performer's body at the time and the attack was witnessed by the audience. The fangs penetrated the man near the temple. A number of physicians attending the medical convention examined the case.

Sentenced for Five Years.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., May 8.—The jury in the Harris Barton manslaughter case retired at 11 o'clock Thursday night and remained out until 3 o'clock Friday afternoon when they returned a verdict fixing the punishment at five years in the penitentiary. The defense entered a motion for a new trial, which will be argued May 15.

Scenes on the Diamond.

National base ball league games were

played as follows, Friday: at Chicago—Detroit 2, Chicago 6; at St. Louis—Kansas City 5, St. Louis 7; at New York—Washington 0, New York 6—six innings. American association: at Louisville—St. Louis 8, Louisville 1. Other games postponed—rain.

An Assassin Hung.

PAINTSVILLE, Ky., May 8.—John Leighton was hanged here Friday for the murder of his cousin, Daniel Leighton, last September. The men quarreled about the ownership of a colt, and the next day John lay in wait behind a fence and shot Daniel as he rode past.

Judge David Davis Better.

NEW YORK, May 8.—A Bloomington special to The Telegraph says that the lion David Davis is better.

ANOTHER SCHOONER SEIZED.

Canadian Authorities Capture an American Fishing Vessel.

DIGBY, N. S., May 8.—On Wednesday morning the Gloucester fishing schooner, David J. Adams, Allen Kinney, master, and another United States schooner entered Digby Basin for bait. She second schooner obtained sixteen barrels and departed. The Adams crossed the basin and anchored about five miles above Digby. The custom's officers here immediately telegraphed the facts to Commodore Scott, of the Dominion steamer Lansdowne. The Lansdowne arrived off Digby at midnight, sent an officer aboard the Adams and about daybreak Friday morning, ordered her to leave. The Adams attempted to obey, but was becalmed, and was carried upon the beach in St. George's straits near the Bay of Fundy. Meanwhile the Lansdowne's officers landed at Digby and learned that the Adams had been buying bait. The Lansdowne pulled the schooner off the beach and brought her back. Commodore Scott and Capt. Dakin, of the Lansdowne, the local customs officer, and the commission of fisheries for Digby county, held a consultation as to whether or not the Adams had infringed the treaty of 1818, and decided that there was sufficient proof to authorize her seizure. They accordingly placed a prize crew aboard and sent the vessel to St. John under convoy of the Lansdowne, to which the thirteen members of the schooner's crew were transferred. Several of the men belong in Campobello, N. B. Capt. Kinney is about 25 years old, and is said to be prudently daring. He says that J. Lewis, the owner, is a poor cripple, who depends solely upon the Adams for support. The schooner is of 100 tons and 15 years old.

ANOTHER COWARDLY SCOUNDREL.

A Girl Betrayed and Triple Murder Attempted—One Good Shot.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 8.—About two years ago Polk Martin became a frequent visitor at the house of one Mrs. Johnson and her two daughters, living near Fountain Head. Recently one of the daughters became enceinte and charged Martin with being the cause of it. Friday morning Martin went to their home and shot his accuser, fatally. He then shot the mother and other daughter, inflicting serious, but not thought fatal wounds, then turned his weapon upon himself and shot himself, dying almost instantly.

Dined by Simon Cameron.

MARHETTA, Pa., May 8.—Gen. Simon Cameron gave a dinner to a number of his prominent friends Friday on the Donegal farm, about four miles north of here. The guests arrived in special trains from Washington, Harrisburg and Philadelphia and were conveyed to the farm in carriages. The following distinguished gentlemen were present: United States Senators Logan of Illinois, Butler of South Carolina, Blackburn and Beck of Kentucky, Morrill of Vermont, Gray of Delaware, Hearst of Colorado, Hale of Maine, J. D. Cameron of Pennsylvania; Congressmen Randall of Pennsylvania and Arnot of New York; ex-Attorney General MacVeagh, Governor Pattison, George B. Roberts, Charles E. Pugh and Frank Thompson of the Pennsylvania railroad; Charles A. Dana and Lawrence Jerome of New York; W. H. Rowle and Mr. Patterson, of Philadelphia, and a host of others. Dinner began about 8 and continued until after 7 o'clock in the evening. There were no speeches.

A Prohibitory Law Tragedy.

DES MOINES, Iowa, May 8.—Constable Pierce, of Valley township, Thursday night searched the residence of Boston Benson, whom he clubbed badly and marched to police headquarters, carrying the unlawful beer keg under his arm. The police released Benson, who hunted up a justice and swore out a warrant for Pierce. Just before noon Pierce and Detective Lyon raided Nym Wyatt's ex-saloon in Sebastopol, where Pierce was roughly used by Wyatt, and in the tussle that followed Pierce shot Harry Lloyd, a boarder at Wyatt's, through the stomach, afterward clubbing him on the head with his revolver. Lloyd had been the barkeeper. His wounds are very serious. Pierce was arrested and put in jail. Lyon claims that Wyatt brought out a shot-gun.

To Parallel Gould's System.

NEW YORK, May 8.—Wall street men found a fruitful subject for conversation Thursday in the report that the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company was preparing to push a new enterprise of great consequence; nothing short, in fact, of a scheme for paralleling much of the most important lines of railroad in the Gould southern system. A secret meeting, it was said, had been held at which a big amount of money had been pledged toward carrying out this new project. Mr. Gould's friends represent that he has full knowledge, and he is reported to be in no mood to ask favors or grant concessions.

Fight Between Court and Customs.

MONTREAL, May 8.—The customs officers attempted Friday to seize the fancy goods stock of Patterson Kinsack & Co., valued at \$75,000. The stock was taken to the custom house. The firm obtained an order from the court to stop the seizure. A conflict took place between the court officers and the customs employees, during which revolvers were drawn. The police were summoned and are now in possession of the property. Considerable excitement exists over the affair. The government claims that the firm has swindled the revenue out of over \$20,000.

THE SHOULDER-STRAP.

DID IT GET WHERE THE SHOT FLEW THICK AND DEADLY.

Weaver, of Iowa, intimates That It Did Not, While Bragg, of Wisconsin, Waxes Rather Personal on the Subject—Some War Reminiscences in the House.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 8.—In the house Friday, while a private claim for military services was under consideration Weaver of Iowa said that the most deceptive practice of the war was that which depicted an officer with epaulettes, leading the charge, sword in hand, singing out "come on, men." If there was a humbug in American military history, it was that portion which represented the commissioned officer leading the charge on the enemy's works. As a rule, they were where their orders and the rules of war required them to be—in a safe place in the rear, while the private soldier did the fighting, and shooting and dying.

Bragg of Wisconsin opposed the claim in a speech in which he ridiculed the claim, considering the boy too young to have been of any use.

Johnson, of Indiana, maintained that a lad, though he might be too young to be mastered, could do good service in a regiment, and instanced the case of two boys in his regiment who had been with it at the battle of Richmond, Ky., and who had performed their duty gallantly. They did as much for their country as did the man who led the iron brigade, and who now attacked a boy who had bared his breast to save his country. The gentleman from Wisconsin [Bragg], had attacked the nurses in the army. If a poor woman had given her services to her country, and now, with health shattered and means gone, asked the country to do something for her, was it not as honorable for the government to help her as to raise the pension of a general's widow from \$20 to \$50?

Bragg inquired where this brave boy had bared his breast. He had blown his bugle somewhere as a scout. Had the scouts that served in the command of the gentleman from Indiana heralded their coming with bugles? Did its scouts go out with a brass band? If that had been the practice of the command it should have had some officers of the regular order to teach it its duties. There was no occasion for all this talk about officers. The gentleman from Iowa [Weaver] wanted to know who had ever seen an officer lead a charge. He [Bragg] had seen the gentlemen who followed the stars and bars, who bore commissions as officers, coming down in advance of their lines, leading their men plump up again the musketry and carrying works at the point of the bayonet. He had seen officers who followed the stars and stripes who did not say: "Go in, boys; I am a little lame, but you probably will be repulsed, and I will be here to receive you." The army he had served with had had officers who were not afraid to fight. These officers the soldiers had had confidence in and when he heard men who said they had been soldiers take every opportunity to abuse officers he was led to the belief that they had belonged to the squad of camp followers. What was that tremendous battle at Richmond, Ky.? What was the record of it? What was gained or lost by it? It was one of those skirmishes between outlying troops, where, here and there, a shot was fired from the picket, and the troops rallied back on the center, and the horns were sounded and drums beaten, to move up on Johnny Reb, and when they moved Johnny Reb had gone.

Johnson commended to the gentleman from Wisconsin the reading of the military history of his country. The battle of Richmond had lasted for ten hours, and for the number of troops engaged it had been as severe a battle as had been fought during the war.

Bragg—How many men fell? Johnson—I haven't got the figures here. There were thousands of them. There were about 9,000 men engaged on the Union side, and about 12,000 or 15,000 were with Kirby Smith.

Continuing, he repelled the charge that he had ever abused the officers. He had never tried to detract from an officer's reputation, but he had tried to stand by the interest of the private soldier.

Bragg—Was it not a fact that nearly all the command to which you belonged was captured at Richmond?

Johnson—A great many were.

Bragg—And was not the remainder sent back to Gen. Wolford to be drilled?

[Laughter.] Johnson—In that battle we were subjected to many humiliations, but no humiliation so great as to be drilled by the gentleman from Kentucky [Wolford]. The general was a brave man, but I never saw him have his own troops under command in my life. [Laughter.] It is a remarkable spectacle for a man who claims to have been a Union soldier and to have had sympathy with the Union cause, now at this late day to gloat over a Union defeat.

Wolford, of Kentucky, rose, as he said, to reply to the unjust insinuation made by the gentleman from Indiana [Johnson]. He had commanded a regiment, a brigade, and a division, and he had never been ashamed of them or of them of him. He had led them in 100 battles. He had never drilled for dress parade, but he had drilled to fight. Some of the cavalry that had run away at Richmond had been sent to him, not to be drilled but to be disciplined, and in many fights they had shown themselves gallant men; they had run no more.

Report of a Treasury Auditor.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 8.—Third Auditor of the Treasury Williams has submitted his first annual report to acting Secretary Fairchild. The report shows that the compensation of clerks in the auditors office for the year ended April 30, 1885, was \$227,750 and for the year ended April 30, 1886, \$213,123—a saving of \$14,447. This saving is due to the fact that the services of a number of clerks have been dispensed with although the work of the office has increased. In the estimate of the appropriation required for clerks for the next fiscal year, approved by the secretary of the treasury and submitted to congress, there is a reduction of twenty clerks, saving the government over the appropriation for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1885, \$28,400. The third auditors division has charge of the settlement of pension agents accounts. The report of Auditor Williams shows that the business of the pension divisions is substantially up, and

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Orders left at Todd's Store, Dixon, will receive prompt attention at home prices, express free.

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in time. Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albuminuria, or

Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and all other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McLellan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1; Six bottles, \$5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM WASHBURN'S SALICYLICA SURE CURE.

Immediate Relief—Permanent Cure.

THE GREAT INTERNAL RHEUMATIC REMEDY and only positive cure for Acute or Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lame Back, &c. Washburn's Salicylica is ten years established and has cured more persons in that time than all the so-called "Specifics" and "Cures" combined. The only dissolver of the Poisonous Uric Acid which exists in the blood of all those troubled with Rheumatic Disorders. Endorsed by physicians and thousands of cured patients. Write for testimonials and advice free. \$1.00 a box; 6 boxes for \$5.00. Sold by druggists. Ask for "Washburn's Salicylica" and accept no other; or send to us, WASHBURN'S SALICYLICA, MFG CO., 237 Broadway, New York.

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As Fine A Line of Goods, Foreign and Home Manufacture

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Which will be made up

A Reasonable Prices

Cash, or Prompt Paying Customers.

Klossowski & Frank.

New Millinery Store

Corner Main and Hennepin St.

Mrs. Klossowski & Frank have opened a New Millinery Store and respectfully solicit customers. They are now receiving a stock of Millinery and Embroidery of Latest Styles.

In addition to our new stock of Fancy Goods, we have added a full line of the latest and most graceful designs for Art Embroidering and Kensington Painting, and are prepared to do stamping by the French process; guaranteed perfect.

CLARK & ANDERSON.

ORNAMENTAL

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Office over Klossowski's clothing store, 110 N. 1st St.

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THE TELEGRAPH HAS A COMPLETE JOB PRINTING OFFICE, STEAM PRESSES, A GREAT VARIETY OF TYPE AND FACILITIES WHICH FEW OFFICES POSSESS FOR DOING GOOD WORK ON SHORT NOTICE. SEND IN YOUR ORDERS FOR LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, NOTE HEADS, STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, CIRCULARS, HAND BILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, RECEIPTS, CARDS, PROGRAMS AND INDEED EVERY VARIETY OF PRINTING.

that the clerks are now engaged on current work. The arrears, on May 1, 1883, involving vouchers amounting to \$42,253.65, have been brought up. Pension agents accounts of one and two years standing have been examined and settled. A largely increased current work has been done with a smaller force, the auditor says, than has ever been employed since the increase of the pension list.

The Pan-Electric Investigation.
WASHINGTON CITY, May 8.—The special committee of the house which has for two months been engaged in investigating charges against certain government officials in connection with Pan-Electric telephone affairs held a lengthy executive session Friday afternoon. The question under consideration was whether the work of the committee should be limited to next week. The Republicans, led by Mr. Ranney, did not want a limit placed upon the time of the investigation. He said that he had a number of witnesses to be examined. The Democrats contended that two months of their time had been occupied by it already, and that the country was tired of it and the expenses it incurred should be stopped. It was finally agreed that effort should be made to conclude the investigation next week, but that if necessary it might continue into the week following.

More Pension Bills Passed.
WASHINGTON CITY, May 8.—The senate was not in session Friday. The house went to work on the private calendar, and after a long debate on a bill to pay F. W. Halde-man \$300 for services in the army while so young that the recruiting officers rejected him the having purchased a uniform and served, anyhow, for a year as a bugler and scout, without action, the opponent of the bill resorting to filibustering, the house took a recess till 3:30 p. m., at which time work on pension bills was taken up and fifty-five passed. An adjournment was then taken for the day.

Postmasters' Salaries.
WASHINGTON CITY, May 8.—The house committee on postoffices and post roads has agreed to report favorably Mr. Blount's bill confirming the construction placed upon the act known as the Spaulding act by Postmaster General Gresham, for the adjustment of postmasters' salaries between the years 1864 and 1874, and limiting the time in which claims may be presented to January, 1887.

RAIDING REVOLUTIONISTS
CONTINUES TO OCCUPY THE TIME OF CHICAGO POLICE.

A Few More Dynamitards Taken In—Police Strongly Believe Tuesday's Bloodshed Was Premeditated—Bohemian Ideas of America—The Wounded—Matters Improving on the Railways—Cincinnati Calls for the Troops—Most on His Way to Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 8.—The police department is in possession of certain facts having an important bearing on the organization of the anarchists, and feel certain that they will eventually lay hands on the dastardly assassin who threw the bomb, but whose identity is thus far unknown. Among certain detectives at the Central station the belief is entertained that the determination of the socialists to use dynamite Tuesday night was the outgrowth of a plot in which Spies, Schwab, Fielden and Parsons were the prime movers. It was reported at the Central station that early Tuesday evening, an hour or so before the anarchists were to assemble at the Haymarket, a man purchased nineteen boxes of cartridges from a hardware dealer on Milwaukee avenue. The locality mentioned is known to be thickly inhabited by anarchists, and the police consider the circumstance significant enough to call for an investigation in view of the subsequent events. It is their belief that the man who bought these cartridges was an anarchist, and that in accordance with the plan of armed resistance, the bullets were intended for the police. The detectives feel assured that wholesale assassination was intended by the anarchists, and that the principals in the plot are the trio under arrest, and Parsons, the fugitive.

At 11 o'clock Friday night the police made a raid on what was thought to be a nihilist den at 195 East Van Buren street. Fifty men were arrested, but all except two were let go. The rooms of the latter were searched and two or three muskets with a quantity of dynamite captured. Capt. O'Donnell made another raid Friday, capturing James Tarek at his residence, 741 Loomis street, near Twentieth. In his house was found a bundle of German anarchist newspapers and a lot of pamphlets bearing the name of Johann Most, showing the owner to belong to that dangerous class of socialists for whom there is now no rest or safety in Chicago. He is rather tall, with intelligent face, and has a wife and seven children in his comfortable home on Loomis street. Another alleged anarchist was arrested at Meyer's planing mill. At his house, 442 Sedgwick street, the police discovered a lot of dynamite, two guns and numerous cartridges. He gave his name as William Selegier, 31 years of age, and a cabinet maker by trade.

Mrs. Parsons, the wife of A. L. Parsons, called on Sheriff Hanchett Friday morning and asked him to see Spies and the other anarchists. She was refused. Mrs. Parsons appeared to be completely broken down, and her face bore traces of recent weeping and sleepless nights.

Rudolph Schaubold, a brother-in-law of editor Schwab, was arrested and an attempt made to elicit from him some information regarding the whereabouts of Parsons. He was afterwards let go. The search for Parsons is going on industriously though quietly. "We are sure to catch him" said Lieut. Kipley. "I am not prepared to say that we know just where he is, but he can't get away. Every policeman in town knows him, and you may be confident we will get him, if we have to have him."

Some time during last night anarchists hinged a police officer in effigy at the corner of Eighteenth and Paulina streets. The strange looking object was dressed in a suit of blue with brass buttons and a tin star on the breast of the coat. The effigy was suspended from a telegraph wire spanning Eighteenth street and hung there nearly all day. A squad of Hinman street officers was sent to cut it down but when they arrived at the corner the effigy had mysteriously disappeared.

THEIR IDEA OF AMERICA.
A reporter who speaks Bohemian like a native mixed with the crowd out on Center avenue, Wednesday, and engaged one of the rioters in conversation. The man said he could not understand why it is that men could not do as they think best. He had come to this country because the agent who had told him to emigrate had promised him he would come to a free country. He had come here with the idea that this country was a free one, in which a man could do what he pleased. Now he had found out that the police in this country were just as bad as those in Europe, and protected the property of the rich, which the working-men wanted to destroy because they wanted to compel the rich to become their equal. Therefore he hated the American police as much as he did the officers in Europe, and thought it just to kill them and their spies.

PROPOSED RAID THAT MAY MAKE NEWS.
The leaders in the attack at Rosenfeld's store are under police surveillance. They are known to be entrenched on the east side of Center avenue between Eighteenth and Twentieth streets, and it is probable that their nest will be raided before long. They are said to be in possession of dynamite and fire-arms. One of their number, who was arrested Wednesday night, had a dynamite gun in his breast pocket. The strange-looking weapon is at the Twelfth street station.

AN AGITATOR ARRESTED.
R. Stallmecht, a German, who is secretary of the Furniture Workers' union, was arrested Friday on warrants sworn out by Rothschild & Sons, charging him with malicious mischief and conspiracy. He is one of the leaders of the striking furniture men, and was prominent long before the present complications in that industry began, in running from shop to shop, haranguing the men to strike. The arrest spoiled a meeting of furniture workers which was to have been held. The meeting was declared off and another call for Monday was issued. Beside the mutterings of a few of the men about undue interference on the part of the police there was no disturbance of any kind.

AT THE COUNTY HOSPITAL.
All the wounded officers at the county hospital, with three exceptions, rested comfortably Friday, and showed signs of improvement. The three exceptions were Officers Flavin and Nels and Jacob Hansen. At the bedside of Officer Flavin sat his wife, holding a small crucifix in her hand and bravely trying to comfort and encourage her wounded husband, who was apparently suffering severely. When told by the doctors that her husband's leg must come off, she was much distressed, but upon being assured that it was a case of life or death, she bravely kept back her tears and resumed her work of comfort and courage. The leg was amputated at noon, and Flavin stood the operation well. He is also wounded in the back. Officer Nels Hansen is dangerously wounded, but may recover, while his brother Jacob has a bare chance of life, with the probable loss of a leg.

Officer Mike Madden, who was shot through the right lung by a socialist Wednesday night, was not, so far as can be said now, fatally wounded, and was in good spirits and in a condition considerably improved. Loeffelhardt, the young man who shot Madden, and who received two balls from the officer's pistol, was much worse Friday. His recovery is regarded as impossible, and he looked like a dead man as he lay stretched on his cot.

The death of young Schumaker, one of the citizens shot Tuesday night, is looked for at any moment.

THE RAILWAYS.
Commissioner Wicker, of the Chicago freight bureau, said that the wholesale merchants of the city were not, on an average, more than three days behind with their freight. In view of the fact that the freight handlers' strike has now been on for a week, this statement, which is doubtless based on a thorough knowledge of the facts, may be considered as somewhat remarkable. Mr. Wicker said that the largest houses were as a rule in the best position, for the reason that they have been able to send news of their own men out with the teams to take the place, in a measure, of the strikers. Continuing, Mr. Wicker said: "Indeed, I have no doubt that after Sunday all the stations will be in as good order as if no strike had occurred. An exception should be made in the case of the lumber traffic, which has been affected by other influences than the freight handlers' strike, and it is difficult to estimate what their loss will be."

The Baltimore & Ohio switchmen were visited Friday by a committee of striking freight handlers who asked them to go out. The switchmen declined to comply with their wishes. The Baltimore & Ohio freight houses are still closed. The Michigan Central has increased its working force to sixty men and a few clerks. The striking freight handlers on the Illinois Central draw their pay. The freight-house of the company is manned by clerks. The switch tenders on this road are still out. The Wabash had its full quota of men at work and claimed to have turned away applicants for work. The Grand Trunk house was manned by Italians, who with the help of an interpreter, were vainly struggling to bring order out of general chaos. The Chicago & Atlantic has put its clerks to work in the freight house. The Louisville, New Albany & Chicago and the Chicago & Eastern Illinois did small business with their force of clerks. The Lake Shore imported eighty men and put them at work under police protection. The Rock Island claims to have twenty-five of its old men back, and says the rest are black-listed. The Burlington was in better shape than at any time since the strike began. The Alton, Pan-Handle, and Fort Wayne roads did business in a small way through several windows. No cases of interference or violence was reported on any of the lines.

NOTES.
It is reported that McCormick depends largely for his castings on the Malleable Iron works, and is growing un-ay less he shall be compelled to shut down owing to the strike. There is little hope of the Malleable works starting up for some time yet, and it is said that McCormick's stock of castings is about exhausted. Twelve hundred men went to work at the reaper factory Friday morning.

At a meeting of the contributors to the Policemen's Benevolent fund on the board of trade, held Friday afternoon, it was reported that the total contributions amounted to \$12,575. The total subscribed so far from all sources is \$32,542.

The Arbeiter Zeitung, the anarchist organ, made its appearance again Friday. The editorials were very mild, but in one place it declares that it will "continue the

fight for liberty and right which this paper ever wages to the terror of the robbing employers and their degds, and in their faces we fling our motto, which is: 'Down with everything that resists us!' and inform them that this sentiment is too deeply rooted in the people to be exterminated by the imprisonment of a few leaders, especially where the movement is of such gigantic dimensions." Complaint is made that it was very difficult to get any press to print the sheet, as printers were scarce who would have anything to do with it.

PREPARED FOR EMERGENCY.
State Troops Ordered to the Vicinity of Cincinnati—Most Going to Chicago.

CINCINNATI, May 8.—Mayor Smith and the police commissioners, Friday, requested the governor to send the militia to this city. In response to the call, the Third Fourth, Fourteenth and Seventeenth regiments and Sinitz's and the Columbus batteries will rendezvous at Carthage, sixteen miles from here, under command of Col. Freeman. The militia will be subject to the order of Mayor Smith.

The mayor is reticent in regard to this movement, but is supposed that the socialist meeting advertised for Saturday night, at Turner hall, has something to do with it. Hand bills are being scattered around town announcing that Dr. Otto Walster, a local socialist, will address the people "on the meaning of the red flag."

Mr. Page, an officer of the Kentucky Central railroad, telephoned the mayor from Covington Friday evening that Johann Most, the anarchist, had landed in Cincinnati, and had taken the 7:30 p. m. train for Chicago. On the strength of this information, Mayor Smith telegraphed the Chicago authorities.

The employees in the Cincinnati Southern railroad shops at Ludlow, 250 in number, struck Friday evening for shorter hours.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, May 8.—Governor Foraker has issued orders for the Fourteenth, Seventeenth, and Third regiments, Ohio National guards, to at once prepare to go to Cincinnati. The Fourteenth, of this city, will stop at Carthage, near Cincinnati, so as to be within easy calling distance in case of trouble in that city. It is only a precautionary measure.

INCITING TROUBLE AT PITTSBURG.

Revolutionary Literature Scattered Through the City.

PITTSBURG, May 8.—Considerable excitement was caused in western Pittsburg, and the lower wards of Allegheny City Thursday night by the appearance of a number of strangers who hurriedly passed from house to house and street to street placing circulars in every doorway and handing them to passers. Investigation showed the contents of the circulars to be identical with those distributed by the anarchists in Chicago and Cleveland. The police were notified and officers dressed in citizen's clothing sent to arrest the distributors, who are described as a hard looking set of men. They had ceased their labors however, previous to the officers' appearance and could not be found. Similar circulars concealed inside of a Chicago anarchist paper, to the number of several hundred, have been received at the Pittsburg postoffice for distribution. The fact of the circulars being concealed inside the papers, of which they are no part, being a violation of the postal laws, Postmaster Larkin has detained the same awaiting orders from Washington.

Milwaukee Remains at Peace.

MILWAUKEE, May 8.—There were many rumors floating about Thursday night, but the city was quiet and no outbreak has occurred since the riot. The inquest on those killed Wednesday was held Friday and a verdict rendered declaring that the troops were guilty of wrong, and that their action probably prevented further and worse bloodshed.

Why Not Do It This Way as a Regular Thing?

NEW ORLEANS, May 8.—The Times-Democrat's Canton, Miss., special says: Friday morning at 3 o'clock, a negro entered the room occupied by two daughters of W. N. Bledsoe, and assaulted the younger, aged 14. The screams of the girls awakened their father, and when he made his appearance in the room, the negro escaped through the window. In the struggle the girl had torn one of the pockets of the negro's coat. Ben Chambers, being suspected, was arrested, and it was found that the fragments fitted his torn pocket. After the negro was jailed, a mass meeting of citizens was held, Maj. Powell, the chairman, appointed a jury of twelve leading citizens to try the prisoner. They examined the witness and found him guilty. The meeting then adjourned to the jail, took the negro out and hanged him. The sheriff attempted to protect his prisoner but the entire community was against him.

Latest New York Style.

NEW YORK, May 8.—Ex-Aldermen Miller, Dempsey and DeLacey have been indicted for alleged bribery. Miller's indictment was a surprise, as it was thought he would not state's evidence and be let alone. The other two are fugitives.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, May 7.
The quotations on the board of trade today were as follows: Wheat—No. 2, May, opened 76 1/2c nominal, closed 76 1/2c; June, opened 76 1/2c, closed 76 1/2c; July, opened 76 1/2c, closed 76 1/2c; Corn—May, opened 59 1/2c, closed 59 1/2c; June, opened 59 1/2c, closed 59 1/2c; July, opened 59 1/2c, closed 59 1/2c; Oats—No. 2, May, opened 37 1/2c, closed 37 1/2c; June, opened 37 1/2c, closed 37 1/2c; Pork—May, opened 23 1/2c, closed 23 1/2c; July, opened 23 1/2c, closed 23 1/2c; Lard—May, opened 23 1/2c, closed 23 1/2c; Live Stock—The Union Stock yards report the following range of prices: 1000s—Market active and firm at a shade higher prices; light grades, \$3.75 to \$4.30; rough packing, \$3.75 to \$4.30; heavy packing and shipping, \$4.00 to \$4.30; Cattle—Steady at the advance; butchers, \$4.00 to \$4.30; stockers, \$3.90 to \$4.00; Sheep—Steady; common, \$3.00 to \$3.50; good, \$3.50 to \$4.00.
Produce—Extra Elgin creamery, 17 per lb.; select dairy, 14 1/2c; packing, 60 1/2c; strictly fresh laid, 8 1/2c; per doz. Potatoes—In car lots on track—Butterbans, 40 1/2c per ton; white ones, 40 1/2c; Live poultry—Turkeys, 9 1/2c per lb.; chickens, 8 1/2c; Apples—Choice to fancy, 7 1/2c to 10 1/2c; and second, 7 1/2c to 9 1/2c per box.
New York.
Wheat—No. 1 red state, 96c; No. 2 do, 95c; No. 1 white, 96c; No. 2 do, 95c; Corn—No. 2 mixed, cash, 47 1/2c; No. 2 do, 47 1/2c; Oats—Dull; No. 1 white, state, 42c; No. 2 do, 41c; Rye—Dull and unchanged. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; new mess, \$10.25; old, \$10.25; Beef—Dull; new mess, \$6.25.

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And guarantee satisfaction.
Baby Carriages,
Sent by Express.
Payable on delivery, if not satisfactory, may be returned at my expense. Catalogues and prices mailed free.
875 E. 11th St., Chicago.

WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE
And others suffering from nervous debility, exhausting chronic diseases, premature decline of young or old are positively cured by Dr. Horne's famous Electro-Magnetic Belt. Thousands of people in the Union have been cured. Electrically treated by Dr. Horne's famous Electro-Magnetic Belt. Patented and sold 10 years. Whole family can wear same belt. Electric Suppositories free with male belts. Avoid worthless imitations and bogus companies. Electric Transfers for Rupture. 700 cured in '85. Send stamp for pamphlet.
Dr. W. J. HORNE, INVENTOR, 181 WABASH AV., CHICAGO.

RUPTURE
Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt. Thousands of people in the Union have been cured. Electrically treated by Dr. Horne's famous Electro-Magnetic Belt. Patented and sold 10 years. Whole family can wear same belt. Electric Suppositories free with male belts. Avoid worthless imitations and bogus companies. Electric Transfers for Rupture. 700 cured in '85. Send stamp for pamphlet.
Dr. W. J. HORNE, INVENTOR, 181 WABASH AV., CHICAGO.

BABY CARRIAGES
SENT C. O. D.
ONE OR MORE AT WHOLESALE PRICE.
I PAY all express charges to all points within 300 miles. 1,000 carriages to select from. Send two cent stamp for illustrated catalogue. Mention this paper.
L. G. SPENCER'S TOY FACTORY,
221 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC RULES.
Governing all Athletic Sports, and giving the largest illustrated Catalogue of Sporting Goods ever offered, mailed for 25c, which is allowed to the purchaser of goods to the amount of \$1 and upward. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Chicago, or 241 Broadway, N. Y.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR UNION MADE.
Beware of Imitations.

SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢ CIGAR
One Agent (dealer only) wanted in every town. R. W. Tansill & Co., 55 State St., CHICAGO.
21,829,850 "TANSILL'S PUNCH" Cigars were shipped during the past two years without a drummer in our employ. No other house in the world can truthfully make such a showing.

FURNITURE!
ON EASY PAYMENTS.
Packed and shipped to your town, and give you your own time to pay for it.
FIVE FLOORS FILLED WITH GOODS.
The Largest Stock in Town.
Furniture, Carpets, Oil Cloth, Crockery, Stoves, and everything to furnish a house complete.
Established 25 Years.
ULICK BOURKE,
302 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.
P. S.—We can save you enough money to pay for your time and expense of a visit to this city.
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CARPETS!
OF EVERY GRADE.
LARGEST STOCK IN THE WEST.
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
THE CHICAGO CARPET COMPANY,
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The most pleasant and profitable canvassing is our Manikin of the human body. There is nothing like it in the market. We want strong men to whom we will give the terms and general agencies when they show what they can do. You can dissect a person and see every organ more clearly than if it were a real subject. Address Room 2, Old Chamber Com., Chicago, Ill.

A GIFT
Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you FREE a valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making MORE MONEY at once, than any thing else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Im measure pay sure for those who start at once.
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GRAEFENBERG'S PILLS
For Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Mild but effective.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

DIXON STEAM LAUNDRY.
Laundry work done in first-class style; also Family Washings. Goods called for and delivered.

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Laundry work done in first-class style; also Family Washings. Goods called for and delivered.

JOHN GUTHRIE, Architect and Builder.
Plans and specifications for all kinds of building furnished on short notice. Terms Reasonable. Address, Dixon, Ill. 4015. Residence in North Dixon, near residence of E. C. Sickels.
John Guthrie.

Hack Line
—TO—
ANY PART OF THE CITY
Alonso Gage
Desires to inform his friends that orders for hacks to any part of the city, for parties and funerals will receive prompt attention. Hack and a horse.
Regular trips to All Trains.
Charles Gage is now driving for another man, and therefore orders given him do not reach me.

IMMUNITY from ANNOYANCE
"PEARL TOP"
LAMP CHIMNEY
Pat. Oct. 30th, 1883.

Made only of the finest and best quality of glass for withstanding heat.
Every good thing is Counterfeited, and consumers are CAUTIONED against IMITATIONS of these Chimneys made of VERY POOR GLASS. See that the exact label is on each chimney as above. The Pearl Top is always clear and bright Glass.
Manufactured ONLY by
REC. A. MACBETH & CO.
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THE JOLIET MOUND DRAIN TILE CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Drain Tile, Sewer Pipe, Fire Brick and Clay.
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THE GREAT REGULATOR
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE.
Are You Bilious?
The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious Attacks or any Disease caused by a disarranged state of the Liver.
KANSAS CITY, MO. W. R. BERNARD.

Do You Want Good Digestion?
I suffered intensely with Full Stomach, Headache, etc. A neighbor, who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong and hearty as ever I was. It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.
RICHMOND, VA. H. G. CRENSHAW.

Do You Suffer from Constipation?
Testimony of HIRAM WARNER, Chief Justice of Ga.: "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for Constipation of my Bowels, caused by a temporary Derangement of the Liver, for the last three or four years, and always with decided benefit."

Have You Malaria?
I have had experience with Simmons Liver Regulator since 1865, and regard it as the greatest medicine of the times for diseases peculiar to malarial regions. So good a medicine deserves universal commendation.
Rev. M. B. WHARTON,
Cor. Sec'y Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!
See that you get the genuine, with the red Z on front of wrapper, prepared only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
SOLE IMPORTERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MISOGYNY.

And have you fallen, too, my boy,
A victim to the many arts
That women viciously employ
As snares to trap unwary hearts?
You are engaged, your father says,
Come, take my arm, and let me know
The story of your fatal craze,
And why the girl attracts you so.

She's pretty?—Yes, she ought to be:
They all have learnt to paint their cheeks!
She sings divinely?—I shall see;
But probably she only shrieks.
She's good and gentle?—Well, of course,
She wants to get you well in hand;
A sieve of oats will woo a horse
To let you mount and take command.

She comes of ancient lineage?—Pooh!
Those Norman barons used to thieve;
And any girl whom Hodge may woo
Can claim descent from mother Eve.
She has a fortune?—And be sure
That all the world will soon be told
That she is rich and you are poor,
And that you coveted her gold.

Her hair is yellow as the wheat?—
Your statement may be justified;
But it is no uncommon feat
For girls to have their tresses dyed.
Her figure is perfection?—Yes!
Fine figures capture foolish hearts,
And testify the great success
Of lacing and deceptive arts.

I'm harsh?—Ha, ha! But who is that,
The girl beneath the chestnut-tree,
With honey-suckle round her hat?
Her image! Can it really be?
Miss Pink, you say?—Your sweetheart, Fred!
Forgive me! How was I to know?
There! Never mind what I have said!
I loved her mother, years ago!

—St. James' Gazette.

GRACE CHALONER'S HEART

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

"Then you do not love me?"

They stood under the maples in the front yard of the old farm house, and the bright stars looked down from the September sky with a sweet, calm peace upon these two—Horace Woodworth and Grace Chaloner. She was a city beauty, proud and high-bred, who had been spending the summer with her aunt and uncle in the country—a girl tall and graceful, with glorious fair hair, cheeks like marble, and eyes of a proud grave azure, a queen among women. And she was a queen, nay, more, a goddess to the man beside her, who, dressed in common country garb, was looking down into that face that for him held all there was in earth or heaven.

The delicate fair face flushed softly, and the straight regal brows contracted as she answered without pity: "Love you, Horace? of course not. How absurd! I do not think I shall ever love anybody."

"Do not say that, Grace," he said with a shudder, while his honest, handsome face saddened. "I thought you might perhaps love to stay in the country. We have been very happy these last three months."

"Pshaw! And so you thought because I made myself agreeable to uncle and aunt and my many friends that I should be content to live here and be a country milk-maid all my life. No, thank you, Horace Woodworth, I have other aspirations in life."

"Forgive me, you can have none nobler. Your mother was a farmer's daughter, and there is no better woman in the wide world than Aunt Dorcas. It seems to me as compared with her sweet, laborious, useful life those city ladies are vain and frivolous butterflies."

"That is because you do not understand them. I am absolutely sick of the monotony, the labor of country life. It sounds well in poetry, but there is no poetry in the reality. I am not like Aunt Dorcas; I could never be happy here."

He sighed a deep sigh, but remained silent, and she went on. "Day after day it is the same dull routine, cooking, sewing, ironing, cleaning. I wonder how anyone can endure it. And when I look at you and see you content and satisfied with your lot I almost hate you."

The hard, cruel words hurt him more than she knew; his face grew ten years older in its look of wounded pride and love.

"I did not know that women were so different," he said, as he bowed gravely. "I thank you for telling me. Good bye."

The pained look in his face touched her just a little, and she put out her hand. It was a beautiful hand, slender, but firm and white, and a great ruby glistened upon it.

"I did not mean to wound you, Horace—Mr. Woodworth," she said in a low tone. "I prize your friendship very highly, and I think you are a noble man. I never should be a proper mate for you in the world. We were brought up differently. You like the country, the smell of the meadow, the bleat of flocks and kine. I love city life; I must have gayety, splendor, change."

"You would be a queen anywhere," murmured her lover, gazing at her beautiful figure and kindly eyes with an admiration that was almost adoration. She saw the passion in his face, and was too much of a woman to spare him.

"You should never have loved me, Horace, it was weak in you; a strong, noble man of your simple ways to think of marrying me, a light, giddy girl of 18. But you will forget me. You will find some one who—"

"Never! never one whom I adore as I do you," he said. "I may be foolish, but it is the love of my life."

"Oh, you will change; men always do. I shall yet be bridesmaid at your wedding. At any rate I hope so, for I am not worth a broken-heart," and she laughed a cold, cruel, scornful laugh.

It seemed as if she tried to hurt him all she could.

"You leave to-morrow," observed the man. "I shall not be able to see you in the morning. May God's angels care for you and have you in their keeping."

He kissed the little white hand rever-

ently as a knight of old time might have done that of a sovereign queen, murmured a low adieu, and the next moment he was gone.

"He left me sad on the stern cold coast,
And I never shall smile any more,"
She hummed, as she went within and hastened up to the little room that had sheltered her the last three months. Did she love him? she asked herself, and her lips curled with scorn as she drove the thought away. Love him? She, the proud heiress and beauty, love this poor country farmer, who had happened to cross her life! Of course she did not love him. But she was not so sure after all. She had not lived those last three months for nothing, and she had seen in Horace Woodworth, country farmer though he was, a manliness and nobility of character that she had not seen in any of her city admirers. He was handsome after a certain type, too—a tall strong, broad-shouldered fellow who could have carried her a mile in his arms without being wearied.

She thought of all the rides and walks they had had together, their very many pleasant tête-à-têtes. Horace was an elegant conversationalist, and well educated as he was he had appealed strongly to her young romantic nature. Besides there was much about his character that won her deepest respect, despite herself. She felt that she would like to have him for a big strong brother, but to be his wife, no, that could never be.

So she thought then. To live in that dull, out-of-the-way place, when every day nothing but talks of planting, of sowing, of harvest, of the yield of wool and the price of milk; to spin, to mend, to cook, to rock the cradle, her heart grew sick at the thought. "I should hate it, I should hate him," she murmured. "I am cut out to be something more than a farmer's wife."

But there were tears in her blue eyes as she fell asleep, and in the morning as her uncle drove her to the depot she found herself looking anxiously among the crowd of faces for the noble brow and the earnest eyes that she knew so well. The thought that he might be there to say another good-bye, flushed her cheeks and made her own eyes shine like stars. But he was not there. He had not dared to undergo the pain of another meeting, another parting when there would be strangers to observe.

"What a fool I am!" she thought, "to care whether he was here or not. What is Horace Woodworth to me?"

Ah, many times in the future that question will come to Grace Chaloner's heart.

The months went by. Grace was busy in her city home. She was queen in the society in which she moved, and, of course, her hand was sought by many. Some of the "best matches" laid their hearts at her feet, but she would accept none of them. She was not the woman to bestow her hand when she could not her heart. Before she married a man she must love him. She was old-fashioned enough to be governed by this sentiment. But why could she not love? She could not tell. Sometimes she thought it must be because she had no heart.

Once in a great while the thought of Horace Woodworth came to her mind. She remembered those summer days passed at Woodside, the walks, the boating, the picnics, the long chats under the trees. Why could not some of her city admirers have the heart, the manly presence of that country farmer? More than once she said to herself: "He is worth more than all of them together."

Still she was always angry at herself for thinking of him at all. "What is he to me?" she would say to herself, and then to drown all plunge madly anew into the whirlpool of society. She flirted desperately; she was half mad. It was because she had no heart, she said. Rather was it not because she did not know her own heart?

The second winter was an unusually brilliant season in the city. There were balls, sociables, and entertainments every night, and Grace Chaloner was the bright particular star at every gathering, and ever by her side was Guy Rashleigh, a gay, dashing young physician who had just taken society by storm. He was a very handsome man, rich and talented, too, and his attentions from the first made a marked impression upon Miss Chaloner. At least rumor had it that they were engaged; but then, you know, rumor always knows a thing before anyone is cognizant of the fact.

No, it had not gone so far as an engagement. Grace was very much interested in Dr. Rashleigh; he pleased her and she was proud of his attentions, but she was not quite so sure that she loved him. When his dark eloquent eyes looked into hers she felt that she could follow him anywhere in the wide world, but away from him another form, another face would arise up between—that of Horace Woodworth. Do what she would she could not banish that memory.

Why does he always haunt me? Do I love that man? she would ask herself. Of course not he is, nothing to me. But why do I not forget him? She had not seen him since that night he bade her good-bye under the maples, and she found herself wondering if he had forgotten her.

One day she saw his name in print. A new volume of poems—lyrics and love songs—had just been issued, and the author, a Horace Woodworth, was receiving high praise in all the press notices and reviews. Her heart told her it was him. She went out and purchased a volume, and as she glanced through the contents she read his heart in his poems. "He has not forgotten me—he loves me still," she murmured, and she wondered that the thought should give her pleasure.

Late in the evening of that same day sitting under the orange blossoms in the dimly lighted conservatory, Dr. Rashleigh asked her to be his wife.

"You must know that I have long loved you, Grace," he said. "What can I hope in return?"

And looking him frankly in the face Grace answered, while a pink flush crept into her cheeks: "Dr. Rashleigh, you will think it very strange, but I cannot answer you to-night. I must have time to decide."

"Take all the time you wish," said the doctor kindly. "My action may seem sudden, but I have waited a great while; I certainly would not hurry you against your wish. I shall hope for a favorable answer, Grace—Miss Chaloner, for I love you."

"Hush, doctor; no more to-night. Tomorrow you shall have my answer. Lead me out, our set is forming."

Grace arose late the next morning, paler than usual, flustered, uneasy. Dr. Rashleigh would be there at 10 o'clock, and she must answer him one way or the other. What should she do? She was never so nervous in all her life.

While she was waiting for her coffee and waffles, she took up the morning papers and glanced through them carelessly. Suddenly a name caught her eye, held it there while she read with suspended breath and cheeks that were colder than marble, the news of a shocking railroad accident. Among the list of the injured ones which concluded the article was his name—Horace Woodworth.

"Great God! he will die and never know that I love him," she cried, as she threw aside the paper and paced the room, wringing her hands. Perhaps he is dying now, and I am here. "Oh, my heart, my love!"

She tinkled a bell and a servant entered. "Have James get the coach ready to drive me to Wynnville," she said. "A dear friend of mine is one of the victims of that horrible railroad accident. Bid him not to waste a moment."

There was a look of unutterable anguish on her white face. She was half beside herself with fear and remorse.

When she was dressed and ready, she sat down at her escritoire and wrote a few lines on a sheet of gilt paper with a monogram on the corner, and directed it to Dr. Rashleigh. In it she said: "An unexpected accident calls me away. But I can tell you my mind to-day. I do not love you." That was all she said.

Then she sipped a glass of wine and went down to the coach.

Wynnville, the scene of the disaster, was only a dozen miles from the city, and she ordered her coachman to drive directly to the hotel of the place, where many of the sufferers had been conveyed. She never knew how they got there. She never knew anything till she stood in his room and saw him lying, pale as death and his teeth clinched in agony, upon the bed in a chamber of the hotel. His leg was broken at the knee, and one ankle was fractured. He had suffered terribly.

She hesitated a moment, then she walked up to him and laid her hand gently upon his.

"Horace, my love, after all these months I have come to you. Know that I love you."

The voice was inexpressibly sweet and tender, and every word had the cadence of a silver bell.

He opened his tired eyes, and his face grew transfigured with a great joy.

"After all these months. It cannot be!" he gasped. "It cannot!"

"You, I love you. I loved you then, but I did not know it, or I was too proud to own it. Oh, my love, my king, I have learned there is none like you."

"And the country life, Grace? for I am a farmer still."

"Say nothing, Horace. That was long ago, and I was very foolish. I shall be happy anywhere with you."

"Dear Grace, you have done me more good than all the surgeons, and I do love you. I will make it as easy as possible for you."

People in her world of show and fashion wondered and shook their heads, and talked of how well Grace Chaloner might have done. But Mrs. Woodworth, living among the birds and brooks and smiling fields of the Connecticut farm, would not have changed her lot with that of a royal princess.

THE VERY MAN.

"Yes, I am in need of a reporter," said an editor, replying to a man who had entered the office and applied for a position, "but I want a startling sort of a fellow—want a man who can make news, in other words, I want a man who is not afraid to tell a lie."

"I think that I am the man."

"That may be, but you must understand that the man I want has to be able to tell a plausible lie—one that has every phase of the truth."

"I still say that I am the man."

"Have you ever done much newspaper work?"

"No, I have never written for a newspaper."

"Then how do you know you can write plausible lies?"

"Because I have been writing war articles for the magazines."

The editor grasped the applicant's hand. "My dear man," said he, "I want you."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A GLASGOW theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church so naturally that to many of the audience is seemed so real that they went to sleep.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

After John Tyler had dissolved partnership with the Whigs, and was coquetting with the Democrats, he became anxious that Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, should be persuaded to withdraw from the Cabinet. It was first proposed to transfer Mr. Everett from the British mission to a nondescript mission to China, created for the purpose by act of Congress, and, had he accepted, Mr. Webster would have been sent to the court of St. James. But it was pretty well known that Mr. Everett would decline to go to Canton, preferring to remain at London, so Mr. Tyler was persuaded by the Texas annexationists to appoint Mr. Cushing Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Forward having resigned), as a hint to Mr. Webster that he was not the Massachusetts man wanted in the Cabinet. The nomination was sent to the Senate about 6 o'clock in the evening of the last night of the session, with that of Henry A. Wise as Minister to France. Both nominations were rejected, that of Mr. Cushing by a vote of 19 to 27. The President sent in the nominations a second time, and they were again rejected, that of Mr. Cushing by a vote of 10 to 27. They were sent in a third time, and each one was rejected by a vote of 2 to 29. Two hours afterwards the Senate adjourned sine die, and Mr. Cushing was appointed Minister and Commissioner to China on the 8th of May following.

Mr. Webster, the year previous, had undertaken to lecture the Whigs of Massachusetts (in a speech which he delivered at Faneuil Hall) for having divorced themselves from President Tyler, although he remained in the Cabinet. Declaring that he was a Whig, he asked where he was to be placed. "Generally," said he, "when a divorce takes place the parents divide the children. I should be glad to know where I am to go."

In less than a year the slaveholders forced Mr. Webster to resign out of self-respect, and when he returned to Massachusetts he found that he was coldly received. He consoled himself with rural pursuits, and returned to Washington the next winter to attend to several important cases which he had before the Supreme Court. But the prominent Whigs did not call to pay their respects, and for some time he was "sent to Coventry." He submitted with resignation, and it was finally agreed that he should be received back into the Whig fold. The fatted calf was a saddle of fine Southdown mutton which had been raised by John Minor Betts, and it was served on the table of Judge Mangum, of North Carolina, then President pro tem. of the Senate. As the good cheer was enjoyed by the distinguished guests and the old Maderia was circulated with the sun, the coldness was thawed away, and Mr. Webster was cordially received among the Whigs again. But the Massachusetts Whigs never fully returned to their allegiance, some of them enlisting under the Freesoil banner, while others followed the lead of Abbott Lawrence, for whom Mr. Webster, in the later years of his life, entertained no love.

Daniel Webster was a good talker, and some of his sayings have been handed down as worthy of remembrance. Senator Ewing (the father of Mrs. Sherman) once said, in addressing the Senate on the ruin and misery brought upon the country by Jackson's order removing the deposits from the United States Bank, that the turnpikes in Ohio were growing up with grass, and that the canal was a solitude. He was ever afterward known as Tom Solitude Ewing. One day Webster, who had been out drinking with a party of friends, entered the old Senate Chamber, and seeing Ewing sitting apart looking very glum, stepped in front of him and quoted the following lines from Cowper's poem on Alexander Selkirk:

Oh, Solitude! where are the charms
Which sages have seen in thy face?

On another occasion Mr. Webster, when visiting the old hall of the House of Representatives, had his attention called to the remarkable echo which repeated audibly everything that was said from certain places on the floor. He was told that this had the good effect of preventing certain members, whose seats were in those parts of the House, from speaking, and one was mentioned especially who would otherwise have grumbled over every appropriation. Mr. Webster wrote on an envelope:

Old growling Polk from Tennessee
Says very little in this meeting,
Simply because ('tixt you and me)
His speeches will not bear repeating.

Prominent among the nuisances inflicted upon Congressmen are the albums in which they are requested to sign their names. Occasionally an appeal is made for something more than

a mere signature, and a Western member who was annoyed by this request wrote: "I am in favor of a law banishing to Alaska anyone who bores people by asking them to write in an album." Years ago the wife of a Representative from Maine had an album on which she prided herself, and she was especially proud of a page bearing the signatures of Webster and Everett. Handing it to David Crockett, then a member of the House, with a request that he would write something more than his signature, he returned it the next day with the following, written between the names of Webster and Everett. It is copied verbatim:

"Mrs. —, of Maine, requests the hunter from the West to write his name in her album."

"Her curiosity shall be gratified by a sentiment wishing her health and happiness and a safe arrival at her residence, with her family and friends."

"DAVID CROCKETT."

Mr. Jefferson Davis was noted for his kindness in writing poetical extracts in albums, and he was, by the way, the most brilliant conversationalist that has ever been in Washington. Thin, wiry, sharp-visaged, self-possessed, and dyspeptic, with a voice very gentle and finely modulated, and an address very pliable and courteous, the great secessionist could rattle forth chat like bullets from a Gatling gun, and every epigram from his thin lips was fatal to the reputation of a lifetime. Never was the rapier of polished wit more dazzling or more mortal in its exercise.

Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, who was a thorn in the sides of the Union men around him, was fond of a quiet joke. One day during the discussion of the great compromise measure, Henry Clay approached Mr. Hale and said: "Hale, this agitation is wrong; it is mischievous, and will have a disastrous effect upon the country. Besides, there is nothing in it." Mr. Hale replied: "Nothing in it? You are mistaken, Mr. Clay; I think there is a great deal in it. This agitation, as you call it, sent me to the United States Senate. Do you think there is nothing in that?"

READING ALOUD.

If you ask eight people out of ten now, they will tell you that they hate being read to. And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it, and used only to such monotonous drone as robbed even Arabian Nights of half their charm. The husband, at the end of a hard day's work, returns home to pass the evening absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up her novel or knits in silence. If he reads to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be community of thought, interchange of ideas, and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family pass the hours between dinner and bedtime, each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath, because "it would disturb papa." Is this cheerful, or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away? I cannot blame them, for they all read abominably; and it is enough to have endured the infliction of family prayers, gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel that listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance.

But it was not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worth the cultivation of those (especially those who lived in the country) with pretensions to taste; and it was, consequently, far more frequently found enlivening the domestic circle. There were fewer books, fewer means of locomotion, fewer pleasures of winter nights outside the four walls of the country parlor. The game of cribbage, or the sonata on the spinet, did not occupy the entire evening after six o'clock dinner; and Shakspeare and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now—mainly, I feel persuaded, because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud. The ear, habituated to listen, is often a more safe conduit to the memory in youth than the inattentive eye which rapidly skims a page.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

"I LOVE YOU" IN THREE LANGUAGES.

It could not be sweet under any circumstances and would spoil the prettiest mouth or sweetest voice in the world. Surely "*Ich liebe dich*" can never take the place of "I love you," though it could scarcely be so misunderstood as when the Frenchman said devotedly to an American girl, "*Je t'adore*," and she replied: "*Shut it Yourself.*"—*Dresden Letter.*

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TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Free from Opium, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
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GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Sprain, Bruise, etc.
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ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM
A God-send is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. My nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Ely's Cream Balm has cured me.—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.
Cures Catarrh of the Head, Nose, Throat, Ears, Eyes, etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
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STRICTLY PURE.
Contains No Opium in Any Form.

ALLEN'S
COLD, COUGH, CROUP
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LUNG BALSAM
The BEST and CHEAPEST
COUGH AND CROUP
REMEDY.
As an Expectorant it has no Equal.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!
IN THREE SIZE BOTTLES.
Price, 25 cts., 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle.
The 25-CENT BOTTLES are put up for the accommodation of all who desire simply a COUGH or CROUP REMEDY.
Those desiring a remedy for CONSUMPTION or any LUNG DISEASE should secure the large \$1.00 bottle.
Directions accompany each bottle.
SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.—CS
J. N. HARRIS & CO. (Limited), Prop'rs,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Diphtheria, Breathing.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Is a Cure for All Pains, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the First and is the Only
PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach or Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application. A half to a teaspoonful of half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Colic, Flatulency, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Sleeplessness, and all internal pains.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent
Has stood the test of nearly half a century as a remedy for Scrofulous, Mercurial and Syphilitic Complaints, Chronic Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, and Impurities of the Blood. It builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists; \$1 a bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.
For the cure of Dyspepsia and all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, etc. Be sure to get Radway's.
E. A. GILL'S SCHOOL OF ELECTRIC
Short-hand and type-writing. Unlimited course, \$40. Send for circulars. Positions furnished. 326 N. Clark St., Chicago.

OPIMUM
Habit, Quickly and Painlessly cured at home. Correspondence solicited and free trial of cure sent. The HUMANITARIAN COMPANY, Lafayette, Ind.

Not an Ache
or pain in the Rheumatic line have I had since using **ATHLOPHOROS** two years ago. I made a thorough trial of all the advertised remedies, but none gave me relief. **ATHLOPHOROS** is absolutely safe, containing no opium, morphine or other injurious ingredients, and is a sure cure for Rheumatism. Ask your druggist for **ATHLOPHOROS**. If you cannot get it of him do not try anything else, but order at once from **Dr. J. E. Elgin & Co.** who will send it express paid on receipt of price, \$2.00.
ATHLOPHOROS, 6011a Wall St., New York.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.
Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade Mark and is marked **Frazer's**. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.
613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

STRADIVARIUS VIOLINS.
"We have persons coming in here every day with so-called Stradivarius violins," said a maker of violins in the Bowery. "They are common German violins with a copy of the Stradivarius label printed or pasted on the inside. Pretty much every violin, no matter by whom it is made, has some such label, so that labels nowadays do not count for anything. Inexperienced persons may be fooled by them, but any one who knows anything about violins pays no attention to them."

"I suppose makers put the label on because some people like to pretend they have a valuable violin. A Stradivarius violin is worth anywhere from \$3,000 to \$15,000, and they are not very plenty. They can be told by their shape and the kind of varnish on them. It is unsafe to pay a big price for a violin until it is passed upon by experts. I have known a label to be taken off a genuine Stradivarius and inserted in an imitation one, for the reason that one could be sold on its merits, while the other needed the label."—*New York Sun*.

Start for the Train or Boat
In good season, and don't forget to take with you Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will revive and benefit you when fatigued; will nullify the hurtful effects of water contaminated with zinc from the ice-cooler, or stagnant and brackish; relieve indigestion produced by meals of uncertain wholesomeness, hastily boiled at odd times in railway stations, and protect you from the influence of vitiated or malarious air and thorough draughts. To the traveling public, this admirable safeguard and specific is tendered in a convenient and agreeable shape. An ordinary ship's medicine chest contains no such comprehensive and reliable remedy, a fact well understood by mariners. The commercial traveler, tourist, emigrant, miner and Western pioneer all appreciate the value of the Bitters. It cures dyspepsia, costiveness, liver complaint, malarial disorders, inactivity of the kidneys, and is a fine nerve tonic.

PURE DEMOCRACY IN PUEBLO.
The pueblo government is a pure democracy. On each New Year's eve they elect officers in every town, the principal officers being the Governor, the War Captain, and the Fiscal or Treasurer. The latter also has charge of the celebrations, and heralds proclamations and the news—a walking bulletin-board by virtue of his lungs. Every town has a patron saint, and that saint's day is the great event of the year. They rival each other in the extent and loveliness of the demonstrations and in hospitality, for every house is open and the stranger is welcome to the best it affords.

The manager of the Fort Wayne, Ind., Gazette, Mr. B. L. Holman, says he has often read of the wonderful cures effected by St. Jacobs Oil. Recently he sprained his ankle, and invested in a can and a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. The latter proved the better investment, as it entirely cured his ankle.

HAD A BAD HABIT OF WAITING.
There is a woman who, when she visits the theater, always comes before the audience is seated. She used to have a bad habit of waiting until everybody else was settled for the evening, and then coming in and raising a commotion in getting to her seat. One evening she came in as usual, and after standing in the aisle long enough to show an elegant new cloak, disturbed a whole row of people, who had to move to let her pass to her seat. When she was comfortably seated, and everything was quiet, a little woman in the next row back said to her companion, in a sharp whisper that could be heard throughout that portion of the house: "Poor thing! I suppose they made her stay and do up the supper dishes."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Col. Wm. Louis Schley, Grand Secretary I. O. M. Grand Lodge, Maryland, found Red Star Cough Cure a perfect and certain remedy. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

THICKNESS OF CLOUDS.
Capt. H. Toynbee, of the London Meteorological Society, has arrived at the conclusion that clouds of less than 2,000 feet in thickness are seldom accompanied by rain, and if they are it is very gentle, consisting of minute drops. With a thickness of between 2,000 and 4,000 feet the size of the drops is moderate. With increasing thickness comes increasing size of the drops, and at the same time their temperature becomes lower, until, when the thickness is greater than 6,000 feet hail is produced.

Offensive breath vanishes with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.
An old adage says the hardest operation of war is to stop it. The same is also true of a dog fight.—*Chicago Ledger*.
Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.
This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvellous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat, and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency, and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, piles, tumors, varicose veins, hydrocele, and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The man who can see music in a bass drum has good eyesight.

"Golden Medical Discovery"—the great blood-purifier.

Circus performers never engage board by the season. They simply take spring board. Do you tumble?

REMEMBER! Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure fever and ague. It never fails.

NEVER salute a man six feet six inches by saying, "How are you getting long?"

A luxuriant head of hair adds to beauty and comeliness. Use Hall's Hair Renewer.

The world always weighs a man in the balance. The balance is at his banker's.

DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, the celebrated Temperance Restorative, that tones without exciting, and regulates without pain, is the only true and absolute remedy for biliousness, colic, indigestion, nervousness, sick headache, flatulency, liver complaint, rheumatism, and all ailments arising from corruption or impoverishment of the blood.

If drug-store clerks should ever strike they would hold a blue mass meeting.

WM. BLACK, Abingdon, Iowa, was cured of cancer of the eye by Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which cures all blood disorders and diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys. The best tonic and appetizer known. 50 cents.

DURING the deluge Noah was in the habit of calling his wife an ark angel.

THERE are nineteen metals more valuable than gold, but no remedy which will compare with Bigelow's Positive Cure for coughs and colds. A prompt and pleasant cure for all throat and lung troubles. 50 cents and \$1.

A BOARDING HOUSE martyr said that he suffered at the steak.

The Great German Physician.
The remarkable phase in the practice of Dr. Peter W. Schmidt (frequently called Dr. Pete) is, he never asked one to describe their disease but tells each one their trouble without asking a question. His success is phenomenal. His practice enormous. He is sought after by hundreds wherever he goes, because he cures when every other physician and remedy have failed. He has allowed his great medicines, Golden Seal Bitters and Lung Food for Consumption, to be offered to the suffering, and we assert without fear of successful contradiction that there is no disease they will not cure. Thousands of bottles have been sold. Thousands of broken-down and discouraged invalids saved. Send to Golden Seal Bitters Company, Holland City, Mich., for Facts for the Million! Free.

Free to Ministers, Lawyers, Doctors, and Teachers.

If you will get your dealer to order from his wholesale druggist one dozen bottles **WARNER'S WHITE WINE OF TAR SYRUP**—the best remedy in the world for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Catarrh, and Consumption, I will send two bottles free. Recommend to your friends. Send name of druggist who gives the order. Map of Holy Land free with medicine. Address Dr. C. D. WARNER, Chicago, Ill. All druggists.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."
"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bite, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c. jars.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH"
corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases; also unequalled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

"ROUGH ON PILES."
Why suffer Piles? Immediate relief and complete cure guaranteed. Ask for "Rough on Piles." Sure cure for itching, protruding, bleeding, or any form of Piles. 50c. At Druggists' or Mailed.

Athlophoros knocked the rheumatism out of me so quickly that I hardly knew it was gone. I took a dose about 6 o'clock, and by 7 o'clock I was without the least pain. Willis L. Gilson, with J. T. Shannon, 1016 West Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.

"Rough on Corns," hard or soft corns, bunions. 15c.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

WELL'S HAIR BALSAM,
If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

"ROUGH ON BILE" PILLS
start the bile, relieve the bilious stomach, thick, aching head and overloaded bowels. Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach. 25c.

TEXAS agricultural lands—full description and price-list free. J. E. Elgin & Co., Waco, Tex.

A Druggist's Story.
Mr. Isaac C. Chapman, druggist, Newburg, N. Y., writes us: "I have for the past ten years sold several alarons of Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I can say of it what I cannot say of any other medicine. I have never heard a customer speak of it but to praise its virtues in the highest manner. I have recommended it in a great many cases of Whooping Cough, with the happiest effects. I have used it in my own family for many years; in fact, always have a bottle in the medicine closet."

PERSONAL.—Matrimonial World. Two pages of advertisements of ladies and gentlemen wishing to marry. By mail, 10c. P. O. Box 22, Chicago.

TELEGRAPHY. Learn here and earn money. Write Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

OPIMUM
and Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. Refer to 1000 patients cured in all parts. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

SEND NAME QUICK for Prof. Moody's New Illustrated Book on Dress Making, New Dolman and Mantle Cutting, etc. Agents sell it. Send \$1.00. Free trial.

I WANT A GIRL. boy, lady, or gent. Every village and town. Good pay. Easy work. Send stamp. GILLOTT, 48 Day St., New York.

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Governing all Athletic Sports, together with the largest illustrated Catalogue of Sporting Goods, sent by mail, for 25c, which is allowed to the purchaser of goods to the amount of \$1 and upward. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Chicago, or 241 Broadway, N. Y. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

FOR THE BLOOD
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

Mrs. D. M. HOYT, Morris, Ill., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for impure blood with the best results, and I cheerfully recommend it."

Mrs. Wm. HELFELT, East St. Louis, Ill., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters to purify the blood with most satisfactory results."

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Mrs. GEO. C. VANTER, with Messrs. T. B. Ray & Co., Detroit, Mich., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for impure blood with the most effective results."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



To cure Rheumatism, purify the blood by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.50, six bottles, \$5.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.
Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND", send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

JONES PAYS THE FREIGHT
5 Ton Wagon Seales, Iron Leds, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for \$80.
Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

LEPAGE'S GLUES
Used by the best manufacturers and mechanics in the world. Fullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., etc., for all kinds of fine work.
At the New Orleans Exposition, joints made with it endured a testing strain of over 1600 POUNDS TO A SQUARE INCH.
Pronounced strongest glue known. **TWO GOLD MEDALS.** London, 1883. New Orleans, 1885.
If your dealer does not keep it, send his card and the postage for sample can, FREE. **RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.**

All People Appreciate Honest Goods.
MIDDLESEX INDIGO-BLUE FLANNEL SUITS
ARE ALL PURE WOOL.
Always look well and give long service. Costs of the genuine article have on a silk hanger. "Only garments made from Middlesex Flannels bear this hanger."
WENDELL, FAY & CO., Agents, MIDDLESEX CO., Boston, New York, Philadelphia.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING CLOTHIERS.

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Survival of the Fittest.
A FAMILY MEDICINE THAT HAS HEALED MILLIONS DURING 35 YEARS!
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.
A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND OF MAN AND BEAST!
The Oldest & Best Liniment EVER MADE IN AMERICA.
SALES LARGER THAN EVER.
The Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known for more than thirty-five years as the best of all Liniments, for Man and Beast. Its sales to-day are larger than ever. It cures when all others fail, and penetrates skin, tendon and muscle, to the very bone. Sold everywhere.

FOR SICK HEADACHE TAKE FOR SORE STOMACH
HOPS & MALT BITTERS,

If you wish to be relieved of those terrible Sick Headaches and that miserable Sour Stomach. It will, when taken according to directions, cure any case of Sick Headache or Sour Stomach. It cleans the lining of stomach and bowels, promotes healthy action and sweet secretions. It makes pure blood and gives it free flow, thus sending nutriment to every part. It is the safest, speediest and surest Vegetable Remedy ever invented for all diseases of the stomach and liver.

J. M. Moore, of Farmington, Mich., says: My suffering from Sick Headache and Sour Stomach was terrible. One bottle of Hops and Malt Bitters cured me.

Do not get Hops and Malt Bitters founded with inferior preparations of similar name. For sale by all druggists.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., DETROIT, MICH.

"Ouch! My Hand!"
When you shake hands, let your grasp be firm and hearty—not a mere touch; but, if your friend has Rheumatism, the kindest thing you can do is to avoid the pressure, and recommend

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"I was, for months, grievously afflicted with Rheumatism, so that I could not dress without help. The joints of my fingers stiffened and enlarged, causing constant pain. Both knees were swollen, and for a long time I was unable to wear a boot on my right foot. I tried various remedies, but received no permanent relief until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of this medicine restored me to perfect health."—R. E. COBURN, Cohoes, N. Y.

"After suffering greatly from Rheumatism, and General Debility, I took three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which restored my health. This medicine is a splendid remedy for rheumatic troubles."—J. H. DUFFY, 83 Green St., Boston, Mass.

To cure Rheumatism, purify the blood by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.50, six bottles, \$5.

QUICK
Ohio Improved Chester
The best hog in the world. Subject to Cholera. Sold 700 lbs. Two weighed 280 lbs.
Send for description of this famous breed, also facts.
THE L. E. SILVER CO., Cleveland, O.

Spencer's Alligator Press!
I will ship this Hay and Straw Press to any place on condition that if four men and one team cannot load 4000 pounds of hay in one hour, and not drive the team faster than a wind-mill, we will send it without pay. For conditions, circulars, etc., address J. A. SPENCER, Dwight, Ill.

Consumption Can Be Cured!
DR. WM. HALL'S FOR THE LUNGS. BALSAM
Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Jaundice, Bronchial Discharges, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. Consumption is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address, and we will send it. Send \$1.00 to Dr. J. A. Spence, 181 Pearl St., New York.

The Old Doctor
NERVOUS DEBILITY. REMARKABLE AND QUICK CURES. Trial Packages. Consultation and Books by Mail FREE. Address **DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.**

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You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, Impaired Vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health and Vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, in sealed envelope, mailed free by addressing **VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Michigan.**

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

C. N. U. No. 19-86
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE. CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R. R. TRAINS GOING EAST. Sterling Passenger... 7:02, A. M. Pacific Express... 7:02, P. M. Marshalltown Passenger... 7:02, P. M. Denver Passenger... 7:02, P. M. Freight... 7:02, P. M. GOING WEST. Sterling Passenger... 7:02, P. M. Pacific Express... 7:02, P. M. Marshalltown Passenger... 7:02, P. M. Denver Passenger... 7:02, P. M. Freight... 7:02, P. M. GOING SOUTH. Passenger... 11:04, A. M. Passenger... 12:37, P. M. New Passenger... 5:57, P. M. GOING NORTH. Passenger... 2:15, P. M. Passenger... 12:37, P. M. New Passenger... 6:16, A. M. W. C. WOOLEY, Agent. Daily except Sunday. Daily except Monday.

NO COMFORT FROM FORAKER.

A Fugitive State Senator Seeks an Assurance and Gets None.

COLUMBUS, May 8.—Governor Foraker Friday afternoon received the following telegram from Senator Dodd: "DETROIT, May 7, 1886.—GOVERNOR J. B. FORAKER: I recognize the state of the public revenue to be such that some legislation in the line of your official suggestions is imperatively demanded. We feel that as condition precedent to our presence in the senate some guarantee must be made that our senate rules will be observed. With that assured, the co-operation of at least enough to make a quorum, and I believe the entire Democratic membership, can be had."

[Signed] "E. F. DODD." To this telegram Governor Foraker sent the following reply: COLUMBUS, Ohio, May 7, 1886.—HON. E. S. DODD, DETROIT, Mich: I am glad you recognize the imperative necessity, as you properly term it, of some legislation to relieve the financial condition of the state. This necessity is not only imperative, but it is immediate.

The general appropriation bill is not yet a law, and can not become such until signed by the officers of the senate in the presence of a quorum, as the constitution provides. The deficiency bill has not yet passed, and the total amount to the credit of the general revenue fund is to-day \$26,080.70. Unless a quorum can be secured in the senate to pass the house bill, authorizing the loan to meet casual deficiencies, the state will go to protest before the end of next week. I answer you with this detail that you and your associates may not lack full information as to the consequences of continued absence, and in the belief that you will not assume the responsibility of persisting in such a course. So far as a guarantee of terms as to how the president of the senate shall rule upon certain questions is concerned, I can not speak, and would not if I could, except only to suggest that there are certainly better and more legitimate remedies for any such ruling as you seem to fear, than to obstruct the legislative and all other departments of the government by abandoning your seats and fleeing from the state.

[Signed] J. B. FORAKER. The Republican senators met Friday at 11 a. m. After a consultation between Sergeant-at-arms Nagley and Lieutenant Governor Kennedy, the president, in the presence of the senate, delivered writs to compel the attendance of the absentees, most of whom are sojourning in Kentucky. Assistant Sergeant-at-arms Addison left on the 1:25 p. m. train for Cincinnati to serve writs on any of the senators that may be caught on the Ohio side of the river.

THE TURK IS EXCITED NOW.

Fully Prepared and Ready to Fight—Greek Troops in Motion.

LONDON, May 8.—A high Turkish functionary made the following statement Friday night: "Turkey has 400,000 troops in the field. Of these sufficient are massed at strategical positions on or near the Greek frontier to assume the offensive instantly. The entire fleet of sea-going iron-clads is commissioned and ready for action. The war, if it breaks out, will be war to the knife. The objective point of the Greeks is the key to Salonica. Turkey might as well retreat at once from Europe as surrender Metzovo."

Telegrams from Constantinople Friday represent the Turkish capital as in a dangerously excited state. The porte is said to be fully prepared for any warlike contingency, and would welcome a short and decisive campaign as the easiest and cheapest solution. Turkey is sounding the powers as to pledges of neutrality during the struggle.

ATHENS, May 8.—Greek troops are being hurried to the front with all possible speed. The soldiers at the garrison here received with cheers the orders to march to the frontier. Two battalions of the Athens garrison have already started for the frontier. The soldiers went out with great enthusiasm. They will embark at Laurium, in order to avoid the blockaders stationed to cover the other water routes.

The Peloponnesian army has been ordered to Thessaly. The movements of the Turkish army threaten to make Thessaly the scene of the first warlike operations. The indications now point to a Turkish advance by way of Larissa. The Greek reserves at Volo and Velesino have been pushed to the front.

All the foreign diplomats except the Russian minister have departed. Before the telephone investigating committee, Wednesday, George Jones, of the New York Times, testified that John M. Forbes, of Boston, requested him to urge President Cleveland to stop the government attack on the Bell patent.

Hugh J. Jewett has resigned the presidency of the Chicago & Atlantic road, and James H. Benedict was elected his successor. At the meeting of Lake Shore stockholders John De Koven, of Chicago, was elected a director in place of the late W. H. Vanderbilt.

WEST INDIES NEGROES.

THE MYSTERIOUS AND DANGEROUS POWERS OF THE "OBEAH MEN."

Very Expert in Preparing Poisons—A Practice Imported from Africa—The Effectiveness of Ground Glass—A Shop Out in the Woods.

"Some of the Obeah men are very expert in preparing poisons. They have several kinds, to be used according to circumstances. One of the worst of them is made from the root of the cassava. They express the juice and allow it to ferment, and quantities of small worms are soon seen in the liquid, one of which taken into the stomach is a most certain to cause death. One of the worms is concealed under a thumb nail, which is allowed to grow long for the purposes, and the operator in handing his victim a cup of coffee or some dish of food manages to drop the worm into it. In Jamaica almost every negro has growing in his garden numbers of arsenic bean plants which are neither useful for food or handsome in appearance, but the beans are very poisonous. It is said, too, that a dangerous poison is made from the liver and gall of the alligator. The Obeah men are also too handy in the manufacture of narcotics. They could not procure opium without too much risk, but they knew how to distill narcotics from various plants. Some of them seem to have a considerable knowledge of botany. They can find leaves anywhere that if put in a water vessel will make the water a deadly poison in a few hours."

POISONS FURNISHED AT LOW RATES.

"Kingsley in his visit to Trinidad picked up a number of cases of Obeah poisoning. He says the habit of poisoning did not spring up among slaves desirous of revenge upon the white masters, but that it was imported from Africa. Perhaps he forgot that many of the African negroes were slaves in their own country, with hard Portuguese masters. He says, too, and truly enough, that some white West Indians will deny the existence of Obeah, because they believe in it a little too much, and are afraid to have it known that they believe in it. There was an old woman named Phyllis, in Trinidad, some years ago, who was called an 'Obeah woman,' and who furnished poisons at cheap rates. She lived and ruled in a remote little village, where her supposed supernatural powers gave her such influence over her companions that she could make them do almost anything she liked. A large number of murders were laid at her door, but it seemed impossible to get any legal proof. Her acquaintances were too much afraid of her to tell what they knew about her."

"They understand too well the effectiveness of ground glass. We know it usually as a coarse powder, useful for exterminating rats or troublesome dogs. But they make a more dangerous poison of it. They pound it up between two hard stones till it seems hardly coarser than flour. In this form it is shaken up with water in a bottle, and really seems to dissolve. Administered in small doses this produces what is known as 'West India dysentery,' and if the doses are continued death is sure to follow. These bottles filled with ground glass and water are used for charms. One of them hung under a tree in an orchard is almost sure to keep the negroes away from the fruit. They believe that the charm poisons it and that they would die if they should eat any of it. A bottle of 'Obeah water' put under a man's doorstep is supposed to bring him the worst possible luck. It is worse than finding a white cock's head lying in the yard, with his beak pointing toward the door. When an Obeah man wants to give you just a mild touch of his supernatural power, he gets somebody to bury near your door a bottle containing a toad, a spider, rusty nails, muddy water, and other articles. They know how to work with corrosive sublimate; but that is not often used, because other poisons are cheaper and easier to obtain. A negro could hardly go to a chemist's and buy any of the deadly poisons without suspicion being aroused. In slave times, of course they never bought any medicines at all, for everything was furnished by their masters. So they fell naturally into using such poisons as they were familiar with in the fields. And some of these are deadly enough."

THE TRADE OF THE OBEAH MAN.

"In the old slave times, of course, the Obeah men, being slaves, had to work as well as the rest. But when they were freed they could use their influence over the others to even better advantage. They are generally now in some small business, very often keeping little shops, where their customers, of course, are wholly negroes. They sell any cheap thing there is a demand for, principally rum and fruits and sugar and poor kerosene oil and salt meats. To their profits from the sale of goods, which are often considerable, they add what they can make from the Obeah business. If a servant wants something to make his master appreciate him, he goes to the Obeah man and buys some nonsensical thing in which he has every faith. It may be no more than a few white pebbles, wrapped up in a package with some human hair; or it may be harmless powder, to be scattered about the master's sleeping room. Or perhaps a silly colored girl wants something to secure the affections of her lover. They have to pay well for these things. If they have no money the Obeah man will take goods in exchange; bananas will do, or cocoanuts, or some jewelry—any of the little things that negroes nearly always have."

"I visited one of these little shops kept by an Obeah man some time ago. He had hanging up openly some of the peculiar beads that are used at Obeah dances—the same kind that years ago the mere possession of was punishable with death. The shop was not in a village, as you might imagine, but alongside of a frequented path through the woods, with not another building within two or three miles of it. And I can hardly call that a building, for it was little more than a shanty, with a thatched roof. The proprietor of it lived in a small room partitioned off at the back, and the shop was in front. Why did he keep his shop out in the woods, do you ask? That was just as good for his business as if he had been in the midst of a town—much cheaper and more retired. You must have noticed all through the West Indies that a negro is never afraid of a long walk. He may be too lazy to do anything else, but he will willingly undertake a walk of five or ten, or even twenty, miles if he has any object to gain. He will not hurry about it, but he will go. I should not hesitate to send a negro on an errand that would take him five or six miles, for he would rather enjoy it. He would loiter along, pick up a little fruit here and there, and have a chance to talk with the friends he met on the road. So distance from his customers is no drawback to one of these little shopkeepers."

THE FOOTPRINTS OF MORMONISM.

A Visit to Nauvoo After the Hegira to Utah—French Colony.

Mr. J. A. Heinshon, an insurance man of this city, said to me the other day: "I trod for a time in the footprints of Mormonism, and saw enough for me of that phase of American civilization."

"A believer?"

"No; only a visitor at Nauvoo after the grand hegira to Utah under the iron rule and despotic genius of Brigham Young."

"Tell me about it."

"It was in 1851. The great city stood there empty waiting for a tenant, while the spirit that had filled and animated it was sitting away across the plains of the west. A French colony that had intended to settle in Texas, but could not stand the climate there, had heard of the opening at Nauvoo and determined to make use of it. Long rows of empty houses stood there, many of which could be leased for \$5 a month. Everything was in confusion. A great deal of the property stood in the name of the murdered prophet, Jo Smith, and much more of it in that of his widow, Emma Smith. She was running the great hotel the Mormons had built while I was there. I had gone from Milwaukee and remained for five months. Everybody was poor and there was no chance for business."

The Learning of Languages.

The learning of languages is a simple thing in my estimation and the study would be much more attractive to young people if instructors would only go outside of the text books and not stick closely to the grammatical rules and the syntax. There are many people who write and speak correct English who couldn't parse a sentence to save their lives.—W. G. Priest in Globe-Democrat.

What Astonished Madame Greville.

Somebody who is said to know reports that at nothing in America has Mme. Henry Greville been more astonished than the readiness with which every Boston woman she met pulled from her pocket or handbag a poem or essay composed in her honor.—The Democrat.

The North African Slave Trade.

Morocco is now the chief entrepot of the north African slave trade. The Egyptians have by no means ceased to buy slaves, though they keep them under other names. The aristocrats of Tunis, Fezzan and Tripoli still keep serfs, and they all buy them at the slave fairs of Tafillet. There the long-haired darkies of Timbuctoo mingle with the ebony wool heads of the lower Senegal; trained dancers, singers, strong-fisted wood-cutters, boys, girls and old female cooks, can all be bought at cash prices varying from 125 to 350 francs—an average of less than \$50.

A correspondent of The London News inspected a place where slaves were fattened and bathed to hasten their recovery from the effects of the horrible overland trip that kills four out of every ten foot travelers. Next to good singers boys under 10 fetched the highest price, an average of 25 francs more than first-class field-hands. "At the amoo-gheer, or great slave fairs," says The News, "from 2,000 to 5,000 slaves are semi-annually sold or exchanged, and as a heavy tax is levied on all sales, it yields a large revenue to the sheikh of the district, as well as to his majesty the sultan."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Singular Cure in Silesia.

There have been all manner of odd health resorts; places where people could eat grapes, drink skim milk, or where they could bathe or walk themselves into health. But the most singular cure in Europe is that of Lindewiese, an obscure village in Austrian Silesia. People troubled with the rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, and allied disorders, through this place, and many declare they are benefited. Six weeks effect the cure, during which time no water is drunk and nothing but dry bread eaten. The patients are subjected to frequent packs in ice-cold water, which induces profuse sweating. There are three days in the week when drink is allowed, but it is a fermented mixture native to the country. Every patient, of course, loses weight, often as much as fifteen or twenty pounds, but very many are benefited by the entire change of life and what they call the "blood sweat."—Democrat's Monthly.

An Absent-Minded Old Lady.

"Madame," said a gentleman to a stout old lady, who was laboriously climbing the elevated railway stairs at the city hall station, "if you were to grasp the railing I think you would find your journey somewhat easier."

"Thank you," she replied, as she followed his suggestion. "You see, sir," she explained, "I live in Pittsburg, and no one ever thinks of touching a railing in that city. For the moment I forgot I was in New York. Thank you, sir."—New York Sun.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best that can be employed to correct the irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Gentle, yet thorough, in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the appetite and digestive organs, and strengthen the system.

Sewing.

Miss Rose Jackson, house on 5th, west of Peoria street, is prepared to do sewing and dressmaking at her home or by the day. Prices reasonable.

Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

D. M. Luker, at the Nachusa House barber shop and bath rooms is always on hand and ready to serve customers.

Tilson & Hayden would specially recommend to the ladies Ayer's Dyspepsia Tablets. As a laxative they have no equal. They are guaranteed to cure Chronic Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all disease arising from a deranged stomach. With the free use of the Tablets, Sick Headache is impossible. 598y1

Patent Pavement.

Michael Jordan, Esq., has purchased the right to make and lay the Schillinger improved concrete pavement in Lee county, and those who desire such work can call on him for estimates. There is no further controversy as to the rights of parties under patent.

M'me Julie Riva King!

—IN—

GRAND CONCERT!

—AT—

DIXON OPERA HOUSE,

Friday Evening, May 14

ASSISTED BY

Miss Martha M. Johnson,

The distinguished soprano, and

CHARLES PRATT

Musical Director.

All those that have any respect for my welfare will please call and settle the amount due on or before

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Having purchased from John E. Moyer his stock of Flour and Feed, I am now prepared to furnish all kinds of

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